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JULY 19, 1954

FIRST U.S. JETLINER

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXIV NO. 3

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LETTERS

Reappraisal

Sir: I want to not only agree with you, but cheer you for your stand on U.S. foreign policy as expressed in the July 5 issue. You have made the basic agonizing reappraisal that needs to be made . . .

TED DOLAN

Chicago

Sir:

Re your story "Alone": Only 48 hours before his departure to the U.S., this Anthony Eden takes a special opportunity to vilify us in every way before the House of Commons and simultaneously to coddle and caress Russia. If the Russians are so dear to his heart, why didn't he and Churchill go there and have their talks? Why? Because the "pickings" there are no good . . .

A. B. BUTT

Greensboro, N.C.

Sir:

British Socialist Woodrow Wyatt, speaking in praise of Anthony Eden's House of Commons speech, says, "Britain has a decisive role to play . . . That role is to civilize the power of America. Today Britain is the respected free nation in Southeast Asia, and I am afraid America is the discredited nation." Do they, the British, actually feel so smug? Wait until, God forbid, Hong Kong and Singapore go . . .

MARY M. BOLOTIN

Los Angeles

Sir:

Any understanding of our present situation requires an analysis of the intent of Russia and Communist China. We have only one means of gaining that understanding: a review of past events . . . Communist goals are expansionistic . . . and each new conquest . . . is detrimental to the net balance of power. It follows that there is some point beyond which the balance lies in Communist hands . . . Unless we are willing to lose this balance, there can be no better time to draw the line than now . . .

DAVID CHAFFIN

Rydal, Pa.

Sir:

In your anti-British periodical you repeatedly gibe at British policy during the Munich crisis. Will you please state, clearly and suc-

cinctly, what the U.S. government did during that crisis to lessen the danger of war? I suggest that the answer be given, clearly and succinctly, in one word: nothing.

DAVID WILLIAMS

Aberystwyth, Wales

The Great Swede

Sir:

For more than twelve years we have not missed an issue of TIME, and feel that your reporting is consistently good, your scientific articles are intelligently selected and your Religion and Medicine departments always interesting and stimulating, but our church office is flooded with protests against the "caricature" of Emanuel Swedenborg in your June 28 issue. Could you please permit your readers to view a better likeness?



SWEDENBORG

(The Rev.) JOHN L. BOYER

California Association of the New Jerusalem
Riverside, Calif.

¶ For a more likable likeness, see CUT—Ed.

As Otters See Us

Sir:

Re the June 28 story on sea otters: incredible as it may seem, America owes its freedoms today partly to the undoing of the sea otter . . . Theirs were the pelts that lured the Russians to Alaska and California a few centuries ago. The Russians pulled up stakes here only because the vanishing of the sea otter made their stay unprofitable. Who knows what their course of history might have been, if not! . . .

CARL GRAVES JR.

Livermore, Calif.

Sir:

Three amiable young sea otters are up there in the Aleutians doing nothing but loling around the kelp on their backs and combing the remains of sea urchins from their drooping whiskers. How do we reward these splendid creatures for their exemplary

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July 19, 1954

Volume LXIV

TIME, JULY 19, 1954



Why the lady's ALLERGY suddenly vanished . . .

DOCTORS who treat allergy frequently encounter cases that have all the elements of good detective stories.

Consider, for example, the case of the housewife who had asthma and hay fever every summer. Strangely enough, her doctor found that pollens—which usually bring on these disorders—did *not* cause her trouble. Tests showed that she was sensitive to feathers, particularly those of the sparrow.

In tracking down clues to this case, it was discovered that outside the patient's bedroom was a vine in which many sparrows nested. When the vine was cut down and the sparrows departed—so did the patient's asthma!

Allergies may be caused by an almost endless number of substances which, to the average person, are entirely harmless. The person sensitive to one or more of them may develop skin rashes, sneezing attacks,

digestive disturbances and other allergic reactions.

Most allergies are mild, and only occasional attacks occur. However, people highly sensitive to such substances as feathers, pollens, or dusts may have attacks so severe and persistent that both physical and mental health are affected. Whether the allergy is mild or severe, it is important to find the cause of the trouble.

In doing so, the doctor asks many detailed questions which may quickly reveal the trouble-maker. When and where do the attacks occur? What kind of furnishings are in the home? What chemicals or medicines were used recently? Are pets kept in the house? What foods have been eaten lately?

Allergies due to an obscure cause—or more than one cause—generally require detailed diagnostic studies, including simple skin tests. These usually reveal the

cause of the allergic condition. Once found, complete relief may follow simply by avoiding the offending substance.

If treatment is necessary, the doctor will prescribe in accordance with the nature of the patient's sensitivities. Generally, a series of immunizing inoculations are given. These may greatly relieve allergic symptoms in over 4 out of 5 of the cases *provided patients maintain close and continued cooperation with the doctor.*

Whenever recurring and unexplained attacks of sneezing, itching eyes, skin eruptions, digestive upsets, headache, or "wheezy" breathing occur, medical attention should not be delayed. For early treatment brings best results—especially for "hay fever" and other seasonal allergies.

While medical science as yet has no "cure" for allergy, this disorder can usually be controlled and distressing symptoms greatly, if not entirely, relieved.

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behavior? Drag them to a zoo in Washington, D.C., install them in a bath to be gaped at by the boiled eyes of bored bureaucrats. I give them three weeks in that setup.

L. J. FETHERS

New York City

¶ Hortense, Aggie and Peter did not make it; they died a fortnight after their arrival at the zoo.—Ed.

"We in Gettysburg"

Sir:

The citizens of our town are pleased with the excellent color presentation of the Paul Philippoteaux painting of the Battle of Gettysburg that *TIME*, July 5, published. We are proud of our heritage. It . . . was given to us by the brave soldiers of both armies who fought here in 1863 . . .

W. G. WEAVER

Burgess

Borough of Gettysburg, Pa.

The Lutheran Family

Sir:

It was a great disappointment to me that the Lutheran Church, no less, endorses birth control publicly [*TIME*, June 28] . . . Where does man get the idea that he must answer to God for bringing a being into the world, ignoring the fact that without God's giving the life it would not exist . . .

HENRY W. HOFING

Albuquerque

Sir:

Now that half a million Lutherans have formally approved of birth control, which they presumably were practicing before the vote anyway, how long will it be before a resolution follows ruling out society's need of marriage in similar phrases—i.e., marriage is an added blessing, not a penalty to be imposed upon the pleasures of sexual relationship . . .

RUTH MCCOLLUM

Ocala, Fla.

The Oppenheimer Case (Contd.)

Sir:

. . . I have long been an admirer of Dr. Oppenheimer and have been very distressed by the decision of the security board. Without your full coverage of the case I would never have learned of the basis for that decision. I must thank you for restoring my faith in the security system of the U.S. The need for such a coverage . . . cannot be over-emphasized in these days when all the blacks and whites are grey.

CHARLES P. WERNER

Philadelphia

Sir:

You are, unfortunately, completely correct in what you say about the "widely distorted picture" of the Oppenheimer case resulting from undue secrecy by the AEC security board [*TIME*, June 28]. The picture which the British press gave was very definitely distorted, and no significant correction of that distortion has followed publication of the full transcript of the evidence . . .

WILLIAM E. DICK

Editor

Discovery

London

Addendum

Sir:

. . . With respect to your June 28 report on "Miss Germany" being elected "Miss Europe"; any magazine which reports a \$8-22-38¢ item without accompanying photo-

© i.e., bust 38, waist 22, hips 38.



United Press

NEW MISS EUROPE & PREDECESSOR

graphic evidence cannot be said to have adequately served its readers . . . Please rectify this serious deficiency . . . and rush a full-length picture of Miss Christel Schaak.

JOHN DEL VECCHIO

Washington

¶ Reader Vecchio is entitled to both photo and addendum: Prizewinner Schaak, after reigning for 48 hours, was disqualified as "Miss" Europe when the sponsors of the contest discovered she had been a "Mrs." for several years; the title was then given to Runner-Up Danielle Genot (Miss France).—Ed.

Tombbusters

Sir:

Re the recent Egyptian archaeological discoveries [*TIME*, June 7 et seq.]: Are the archaeologists in Egypt now playing a new game of Cheops and robbers?

GUSTAVE VON GROSCHWITZ

Cincinnati

Man of the Year

Sir:

. . . I nominate that sterling exponent of fair play: the Indian named Charlie.

HOWARD FARKAS

New York City

Sir:

McCarthy . . . Even Taft would be proud of him . . .

BILL MACLEAR

San Diego

TIME, JULY 19, 1954

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

A recent note from TIME Correspondent Harvey Rosenhouse in Guatemala City began: "Shortly before the battle for Guatemala broke out, I arrived home one evening to learn that a *guardia judicial* (secret policeman) had waded through my muddy street that day to question my wife Ruth about my activities. He had passed it off by calling it just a 'routine call.' However, a friend I knew in the government phoned me soon after, and asked me to call him immediately on another phone. I did, and he explained that my home phone was tapped by the police, that I should be careful to whom I talked."

"Two evenings later I went to call on a government official who lives on a hill at the end of a lonely dirt road not far from the Aurora airport. He spoke frankly about local politics, and agreed that President Arbenz's political future was not too bright. About midnight, the phone rang. It was a crony saying that the city's lights had gone out. As he spoke, the lights dimmed in our house, then went out. The night was pitch black. It was Guatemala's first *apagón* (blackout). Said my friend: 'Perhaps the thing we were talking about has begun.'"

The thing that they had been talking about was possible revolt against the Arbenz regime. Reporter Rosenhouse was collecting material for the cover story scheduled that week on President Arbenz (TIME, June 28). At the time the revolt began, TIME Bureau Chief Bob Lubar was on his way to Honduras from Mexico City to cover the rebel forces, and three part-time correspondents had been alerted to help cover the Arbenz story: Robert Clark in San Salvador, Nick Agurcia in Tegucigalpa, and Henry Wallace from Havana, who was in Honduras reporting the United Fruit Co. strike.

On the morning of the second day of the revolt, said Rosenhouse, "We were up bright and early to cope with the greatest problem of all: how to file to New York through the tightest censorship ever in effect in Guatemala. A week before, a courier had sent the story from San Salvador. But now no planes were flying."

Meanwhile, New York, fully aware of the censorship problem, was waiting for the story. A little after 6 o'clock that Saturday evening, Clara Applegate, in TIME's Foreign News Bureau in New York, answered her phone. It was Rosenhouse on the line. A sym-

thetic censor had allowed his call to go through, and for the next four hours Rosenhouse dictated his story. "The same censor," said Rosenhouse, "began to help other correspondents, but he got careless. The police caught him, beat him with rubber hoses, shot him in the leg three times and fractured his skull. He is now recovering in the military hospital. When censorship ended, it was hard to believe. Suddenly newsmen could devote some time to reporting instead of waging their own war with the censors."

Rosenhouse, a native of Chicago and a graduate of U.C.L.A., was first introduced to hotbedded political action in the summer of 1940. He was in Mexico City when a crowd celebrating Independence Day began to riot. A policeman picked up a chunk of ice, heaved it into the crowd. The ice struck Rosenhouse on the head, and when he came to, a big Texan was mopping his face. The Texan offered him a job on the now defunct English-language paper, *The Daily Record*. "But," says Rosenhouse, "payday just never came." Rosenhouse soon left to work on Mexico City's *Daily Bulletin*, later married a Guatemalan girl, Ruth García Granados.

After a hitch in the U.S. Army, Rosenhouse took a job in Guatemala City managing a radio station owned by his father-in-law, who was preparing to run for President in the 1950 general elections. Says Rosenhouse: "On July 18, 1949, the day after we arrived, a bloody but abortive revolution broke out following the political assassination of Colonel Arana." Shootings became commonplace during the height of the tourist season, and Rosenhouse saw most of them—"from the underside safety of park benches."

Rosenhouse became a part-time correspondent for TIME in 1951, and almost immediately had censorship trouble when all constitutional guarantees were suspended after a July riot. Since last October, Rosenhouse has been TIME's bureau chief in Guatemala, covering Central America. In his spare time Rosenhouse enjoys sailing on Lake Amatitlán, near Guatemala City, where "there are two obstacles to beware of: hidden rocks, and the bodies of unsuccessful politicians."

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

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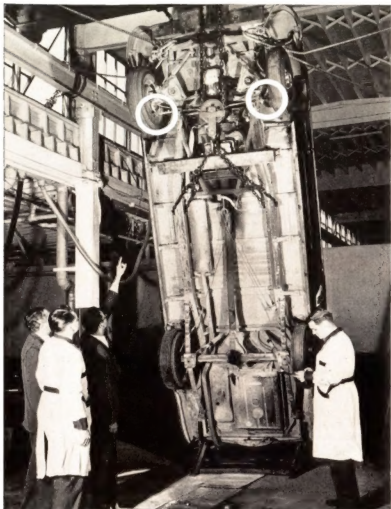
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TIME, JULY 19, 1954

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
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TIME, JULY 19, 1954

Here
it is!



The Polaroid Highlander Camera....\$69.95
as little as \$7.00 down



new, low-cost, pocket-size
picture-in-a-minute camera

Meet a brand new Polaroid Camera: The Highlander. Now, at much less cost than ever before, you can join the hundreds of thousands of owners who are already enjoying photography's greatest thrill — lifting a dry, finished picture right out of the camera, 60 seconds after you snap the shutter. Here are the facts:

LOW PICTURE COST

Your made-while-you-wait Highlander snapshots cost you even less than ordinary snapshots. The new, lower-priced film is all you buy. No processing costs . . . no need to expose a whole roll to get a picture . . . no taking extra shots for fear your first won't come out. You get every print as you snap it.

POCKET-SIZE

Here's a camera so compact it will slip into your pocket. And it's light. The perfect camera for women, too!

LASTING PICTURES

... from a brand new kind of 60-second film. It will give you the best pictures you've ever taken — each one backed by Polaroid's famous Guarantee: if you're ever dissatisfied with the results from any roll, send the prints to Polaroid and receive a new roll free!

COPIES AND ENLARGEMENTS

... now they're a cinch to get. They're made directly from your prints quickly, inexpensively by Polaroid's exclusive new process.

TRY IT YOURSELF — FREE
AT ANY PHOTO STORE
— and ask about
FREE HOME TRIAL PLAN

Polaroid®
Sand Cameras

Polaroid Corp., Cambridge 39, Mass.



Do you know these famous record makers?

Both of these people are famous record makers for Columbia. You'll probably recognize Mindy Carson, but do you know that other famous record maker—tune-spotter Mitch Miller?

"When a hot song comes along," Miller says, "we often cut the master tape out in Hollywood, holding our breath because other companies will try to 'cover' the tune first.

"We rush the master tape to our Eastern factories—always relying on Air Express to get it through *fast!*"

"The new disc is on the air and for sale in stores in record-breaking time, thanks to Air Express.

"We turn to Air Express at least three or four times a week to beat out competition.

"And yet, most of our shipments cost less with Air Express than with any other air service."

It pays to express yourself clearly. Say Air Express! Division of Railway Express Agency.



Air Express



GETS THERE FIRST via U.S. Scheduled Airlines

CALL AIR EXPRESS . . . division of RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

► Do you avoid passing
on hills and curves?
It can help you ...

save up to
40%
on your auto
insurance!

Read how careful drivers get top-notch protection at rock-bottom rates with

STATE FARM MUTUAL

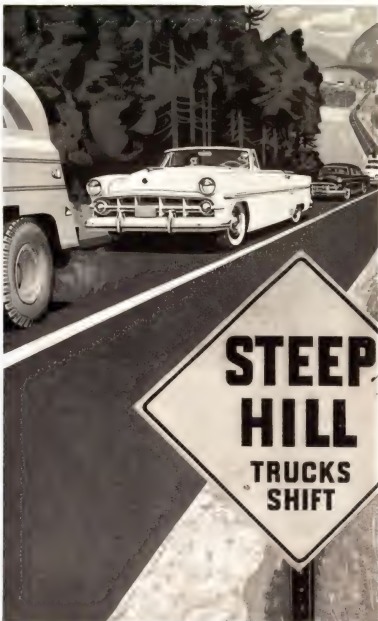
If you use good judgment like the motorist in this picture, you're probably a careful driver at all times.

It should be easy for you to qualify for membership with State Farm Mutual—the "careful driver insurance company." It should be easy for you to save up to 40 per cent on the cost of your auto insurance!

State Farm Mutual, you see, deliberately aims to insure *only* careful drivers. This holds accident costs to a minimum. The savings are passed back to State Farm members in the form of low rates (a practice that State Farm has followed for all its 32 years).

And State Farm's 3 million members receive many other benefits besides substantial savings. They get the extra convenience of semi-annual payments at no extra cost. If they should have an accident, they get fast, efficient claim service readily available through State Farm's own 7,000 agents and 700 claim expeditors.

For full details—for the actual amount you can save—talk to the nearest agent listed under "State Farm Insurance" in the yellow pages of your phone book. Or write: State Farm Mutual, Dept. H-12, Bloomington, Ill.



Can You Qualify?

State Farm aims to insure careful drivers only. Drivers who can be counted on to:

- ☐ Avoid passing on hills or curves
- ☐ Be alert for emergencies
- ☐ Make full stop at stop signs
- ☐ Heed crossing signals
- ☐ Obey speed laws
- ☐ Always signal stops and turns
- ☐ Be extra careful on slick pavements
- ☐ Avoid mixing alcohol and gasoline
- ☐ Yield pedestrians the right of way

STATE FARM MUTUAL

"the careful driver insurance company"



FREE TO MEMBERS!

New State Farm members (like above) in bright red headlight-reflecting Rearlight. Literatures on "Careful driver—sensibly insured" story—discuss emergency reflection when parked or if taillight fails.

State Farm Insurance is written only by the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Co.

agent or adjuster—member—affiliates—

State Farm Life Insurance Company
State Farm Fire and Casualty Company

Home office: Bloomington, Illinois. Field offices in all states and Canada. 2000 members—10 states, District of Columbia, and Ontario, Canada.

Hear "Jack Buckhouse Sports News" Saturdays and "Cecil Brown News Commentaries" Sundays over Mutual Stations. Check local radio listings.



What happened to the golf pro?*

◀ This was a golf course in San Francisco in 1941.

Now you'd never know the place...housing for almost 15,000 San Franciscans. ▼



Startling changes are happening all over the Golden Empire—the area Southern Pacific serves (see map).

The reason? *The Golden Empire is growing in population 3 times faster than the rest of the U. S.*

And this growth is more than a mere influx of people. It includes increasingly varied new industries, new agricultural developments and new vistas for the area's tremendous natural resources.

The millions of new people pouring into the Golden Empire support this economy in many ways — as a large labor pool, as a huge new market for goods and services, and as an up-standing group of new citizens for the communities we serve.

They promise a bright and flourishing future for the Golden Empire. And, since Southern Pacific serves more of this area than any other railroad, this growth contributes to the railroad's future stability too.

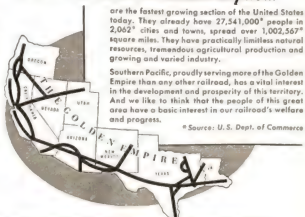
To keep ahead of the increasing transportation needs of this dynamic territory, we have invested more than \$675,000,000 in new railroad equipment and facilities since World War II—to give the people of the Golden Empire the finest and most modern freight and passenger service possible.

If you are thinking about locating a plant in our territory,

we invite you to take advantage of S.P.'s confidential industrial service. Just write W. G. Peoples, Vice-President, System Freight Traffic, Southern Pacific, 65 Market St., San Francisco 5, California.

* The golf pro now teaches at Tilden Park Golf Club in Oakland.

THE EIGHT STATES OF THE *Golden Empire*...



are the fastest growing section of the United States today. They already have 27,541,000* people in 2,062 cities and towns, spread over 1,002,567 square miles. They have practically limitless natural resources, tremendous agricultural production and growing and varied industry.

Southern Pacific, proudly serving more of the Golden Empire than any other railroad, has a vital interest in the development and prosperity of this territory. And we like to think that the people of this great area have a basic interest in our railroad's welfare and progress.

* Source: U.S. Dept. of Commerce



S·P

A SYMBOL OF WESTERN PROGRESS

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, D. J. RUNNELS, President, HEADQUARTERS: SAN FRANCISCO • HOUSTON

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Great Wall

All around the globe, from Washington to Peking and back to Geneva, one great international question cast its shadow upon nearly every important diplomatic discussion: Should China's seat in the United Nations be turned over to the Communists?

Some nations, notably India, were clearly willing and anxious to get Red China into the U.N. Others, notably Great Britain, flirted with the hope that admission to the U.N. might somehow reform the Chinese Communists and usher in an era of "peaceful coexistence." Negotiating a defeat in Indo-China, France might be willing to let the Communists trade their way into the world organization. The U.S. harbors no such fears, hopes or illusions. In Washington last week, the key men in the U.S. Government were building a great wall to keep Red China from (as Warren Austin once put it) "shooting its way into the United Nations."

Unalterably Opposed. At his press conference President Eisenhower recorded himself as unalterably opposed, under the present situation, to the admission of Red China. Can the United States possibly say this government should be admitted, asked the President, in view of the fact that Red China excoriated the U.N. at Geneva, that she is at war with the U.N., and that she has been declared an aggressor by the U.N.?

Secretary Dulles was just as emphatic. "The United Nations was not set up to be a reformatory," he told his press conference. "It was assumed that you would be good before you got in and not that being in would make you good." The U.S. takes the position, he said, that "the Communist regime is disqualified by its consistent record of opposition to the principles of the United Nations." On Capitol Hill the Senate Foreign Relations Committee added an amendment to the foreign aid bill: "Congress hereby reiterates its opposition to the seating in the United Nations of the Communist China regime as the representative of China."

Mission Accomplished. The man who had set off the worldwide discussion, Senate Majority Leader William Knowland, was well pleased with the result. Knowland had called for U.S. withdrawal from the U.N. if Red China is admitted. For that proposal to prejudice, Knowland received anything but unanimous approval.

It was clear that the White House and the State Department did not entirely agree with Knowland or with the Democrats' Senate Minority Leader Lyndon Johnson of Texas, who had said: "The American people will refuse to support the United Nations if Red China becomes a member" (TIME, July 12).

In the face of strong statements against prejudice by Eisenhower and Dulles

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Importance of Importance

In confident tone John Foster Dulles said last week that the proposal for the U.S. to quit the United Nations if Red China becomes a member "strikes a note of defeatism which I think is entirely unjustified." Dulles' firm view: Red China will not be admitted; therefore, there is



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"PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE."

last week, neither Knowland nor Johnson reiterated his stand. Their critics said that they had retreated from what amounted to an open threat to the U.N. Their partisans replied that 1) they had not retreated, and 2) their sharp pronouncements had worked to nerve the Administration for the unequivocal position it took last week.

At week's end reports that Britain's Prime Minister Winston Churchill now favors delay in bringing up the question of U.N. membership for Red China (see FOREIGN NEWS) were circulated in official Washington. Previously, Churchill had warned U.S. officials that there probably would be a move for Communist China's entry this fall.

This week, as work on the great wall went forward, Dulles and U.N. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge were confident that it could be built and would not be breached (see below). But no responsible official of the U.S. thought that construction should be halted.

no need for the U.S. to commit itself, even contingently, to a policy of withdrawal.

Attempts That Failed. In various U.N. agencies and committees more than 150 attempts have been made (23 of them since the Eisenhower Administration took office) to seat a Chinese Communist delegate. All have failed. Only last week India tried to oust the Nationalist Chinese delegate on the Trusteeship Council. The move was voted down 9 to 2 (India and Russia), with Britain abstaining.

In any fight to seat Red China in the Security Council, said Dulles, the U.S. has an effective weapon: the veto. However, the argument may be made that the question of who sits in China's Security Council seat is a procedural one, unlike the "substantive" issue of admitting a new country, and therefore not subject to the veto. Dulles anticipated this reasoning by saying that the U.N.'s tests of eligibility are directed to the performance of governments. Therefore, the admission of new



PIVNEV

In Washington, hush-hush;



KOVALYOV

In Moscow, flimflammy.



AMOSOV

governments is just as substantive as the admission of new countries. The U.S. can veto the admission of Red China just as Russia has vetoed the admission of Italy and Japan. Even without the veto, the U.S. position might win the support of a majority of the 11 Security Council members.

In the veto-less General Assembly, the situation is more complex. The U.N. Charter requires a two-thirds vote for passage of "important questions." Said Dulles: "Anybody that does not think this is an important matter is exercising a curious judgment."

"We'll Win." If the Communists choose to try to get the Peking Reds into the U.N. on the premise that it is not an important matter, then they would need only a simple majority of 31 votes to establish the unimportance of the issue, the same number to put the deal over. Outside the Western Hemisphere the anti-Red China bloc could count on the votes of a hard core that includes Turkey, Greece, Thailand and Liberia, plus the votes, or abstentions, of whatever countries refuse to consider the issue "unimportant." A maneuver that would probably gather even more votes would be a procedural resolution, like one adopted last year, to postpone a head-on vote. Some countries which profess, out of fear, to favor Red China's admission could be expected to vote for such a resolution on the pretext that it is a "question of timing."

At U.N. headquarters last week, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Henry Cabot Lodge reflected Dulles' confidence. "We'll win because we have the arguments," said he, meaning that he thinks he can line up enough votes.

Unreasoned Reason

Without letting the word get out, the U.S. State Department last February expelled two Soviet diplomats for "espionage and improper activities." Sent packing were Commander Igor Amosov, assistant naval attaché, and Alexander Kovalyov, second secretary of the U.N. delegation. In May, under equally secret circumstances, the U.S. threw out another Soviet diplomat, Lieut. Colonel Leonid Pivnev, assistant air attaché. The State

Department's unreasoned reason for the secrecy: it hoped that hushing up the expulsions would prevent Russian retaliation.

Last week the men of State learned how naive they had been. In Moscow the Russian government announced that it was expelling two assistant U.S. attachés, Lieut. Colonel Howard Felchlin (Army) and Major Walter McKinney (Air), for "espionage work." The Soviet newspaper *Trud* had accused them of spying on a train trip across Siberia eleven months ago. After the Moscow announcement, State Department officials rushed forward to announce that they had done the first expelling, albeit secretly, and that Moscow's action was obviously retaliation. Still a closely guarded secret: details of the Soviet diplomats' "espionage and improper activities." Moscow, with its usual flimflamming approach, had given details on the American officers' "espionage work"—notes and photos of such things as airfields and gasoline dumps. The U.S. State Department held to the position that it would not tell what the expelled Russians were up to, although the FBI obviously had watched them carefully outside the walls of the Russian embassy.

Restricted Trade

Last spring President Eisenhower sent three conservative governors, Colorado's Dan Thornton, Texas' Allan Shivers and Pennsylvania's John Fine, on a fact-finding mission to Japan and Korea. Last week the three governors presented their report to the President. It carried a startling recommendation: Japan, in order to resist the siren call of Communism, must trade with the Chinese Communists.

Japan's pressing problem, said the three governors, is self-support. "To accomplish this all-important economic necessity Japan must have access to resources and markets in Southeast Asia . . . It is difficult for the free world to absorb the full output of a vigorous Japanese economy. Therefore, we recommend limited and controlled trade with Red China as well as increased trade between Japan and her non-Communist neighbors. The former must be so restricted and so regulated that it will help develop a program of self-subsistence for Japan and not build up

Red China's war machine. . . . This does not mean that recognition of the leadership of Red China is recommended or contemplated. In no way at all does this imply diplomatic recognition of Red China, but it does recognize the fact that Japan's largest neighbor, situated closest to her shores, and one of her best prospects for trade, is the 500 million Chinese."

Also recommended by the three governors:

❑ A "vastly expanded" radar and microwave warning system, to alert Okinawa, Japan, Korea, Guam and other outposts in the Pacific, as well as the U.S., against a sneak attack by the Communists. "Regardless of the expense," said the governors, "we feel that this must be done so that there will be no future Pearl Harbors."

❑ A uniform period of overseas duty in the Far Eastern stations for servicemen of all arms. "As it is now, those branches of the service have different periods of service, and that causes a morale and personnel problem that is serious."

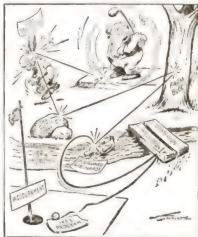
❑ Consideration of stepped-up use of surplus U.S. agricultural commodities to aid the rehabilitation of the Republic of Korea.

THE PRESIDENCY

Some Gilded Roses

In the 1954 elections, said Dwight Eisenhower last December, the Republican Party will stand or fall on its record of accomplishments, particularly its legislative program. At times, after he made that statement, his legislative program seemed to be falling more often than it was standing. But last week, with considerable justification, the President found a handy word to describe the prospects for his proposals on Capitol Hill. His word: *rosy*.

A Pleasant Weekend. At his press conference the President, newly tanned from a weekend at his Camp David retreat in the Maryland mountains, wore a pleased expression. Said he: "In the past week there has been such great progress in



Tolbut—Birmingham Post-Herald
"WHEAT!"

both Houses that I think the prospects are looking up. As a matter of fact, I would say the prospects are rosy that there will be placed before the public this fall a record of accomplishment of which any Congress, any Administration, could be proud. Particularly the farm bill that passed in the House and the tax bill in the Senate, made my weekend, at least, a very, very much more pleasant affair."

Ike admitted candidly that his program had not been entirely successful; there had been some disappointments. "I would be just guilty of misrepresentation if I just said all the world is rosy, and all the roses are gilded. But if we [have] had a straightforward, across-the-board progress that shows that men have stood up to be counted and had the courage to go ahead in doing what they think is right, then I think we have got a pretty good record . . . I think by the time . . . Congress goes out, we are going to look pretty good."

A Principle Established. Congress' compromise bill to support basic farm prices at 82½% to 90% of parity, said the President, was not even a compromise. "So far as I am concerned, I don't mind telling you I look upon it as a great and sweeping victory. We have got a long-term principle established in a positive way . . . I was delighted." When a reporter asked if he planned to take his program before the people this fall (i.e., to campaign personally with it), the President responded firmly and promptly: "If it is as good as I think it is, I would be proud to."

The President's program still faces a struggle in Congress in the next fortnight, but its prospects for survival look good. Of ten major legislative items proposed by the Administration, two—the St. Lawrence Seaway and the tax revisions—have passed as clear-cut victories for Ike. Two other bills—Hawaiian statehood and the revisions of the Taft-Hartley law—have been blocked by Democratic action, will probably die with the current Congress. Foreign aid and the broadening of social security have passed the House in good form, with Senate approval very likely. The farm bill faces a tough Senate fight; the housing bill has been complicated by compromises, will probably emerge as a small gain for the President. Extension of reciprocal trade was cut from the three years Ike originally requested to one year, must be counted as a defeat for the President. No final action has been taken on the tenth bill—the revision of the Atomic Energy Act.

In balance, the Eisenhower program was in good health last week, considering the circumstances, and Ike's bullishness was justified.

Last week the President also:

☐ Received an optimistic report from Ambassador to Italy Clare Boothe Luce. Western diplomats in Europe, Mrs. Luce told the President, feel confident that the Trieste problem will be solved "in the not too distant future," and that Italy will ratify EDC "in the foreseeable future." After that the Italians "will be able to

play a far more dynamic and democratic part in Europe."

☐ Greeted Generalissimo Franco's daughter, the Marquesa de Villaverde, and her husband at a White House tea.

THE CONGRESS

Anchors Aweigh

With a nostalgic air, the Senate and the House agreed last week to throw a towline to five creaking relics of the American past. U.S.S. *Constitution*, the famed "Old Ironsides" of the War of 1812, will be restored. U.S.S. *Constellation*, launched in 1797, will be presented to the citizens of Baltimore, and U.S.S. *Hartford*, Farragut's flagship in the Civil War, to the citizens of Mobile, Ala. U.S.S.

FHA home loans. Key points: 1) the FHA loan maximum would go up to \$30,000 (from \$16,000) on one- and two-family houses, and 2) the purchaser of a one-family house would be permitted to obtain a loan covering 95% of the first \$9,000 of the value, 75% of the rest.

☐ Voted 13-2, in the Senate Agriculture Committee, to send to the floor a bill continuing rigid 90% of parity price supports on basic farm commodities for another year. The Administration was hopeful that it could override the committee vote on the Senate floor, as it did in the House (TIME, July 12).

☐ Passed, in the House, a bill extending the death penalty to peacetime espionage.

☐ Passed, in the House, a bill extending unemployment insurance to 4,000,000



"OLD IRONSIDES"
Back on an even keel.

Olympia, Dewey's flagship, and U.S.S. *Oregon*, also a veteran of the Spanish-American War, will be maintained for a year and then given to any state, city or association that will preserve them as shrines.

Of the five, Old Ironsides is the closest to being seaworthy. She was condemned as far back as 1830, but Oliver Wendell Holmes so stirred Americans with his famed poem that Congress appropriated money for repairs. Now berthed in the Boston Navy Yard, she is about 90% restored (a good part of the money was donated by citizens), and a favored shrine for sightseers.

Once intent on junking all of the vessels except Old Ironsides, Congress changed its mind after protests from citizens. Said the House, back on an even keel: "It is believed that if the ships are preserved . . . they will serve as inspirations to all American citizens."

Last week the Congress also:

☐ Agreed, in a Senate-House conference committee, to allow more liberal terms on

people including 2,500,000 federal civilian employees.

☐ Passed, in the House, and sent to the President, a bill authorizing the President to present a gold medal, "but not in the name of Congress," to Irving Berlin for his services in composing many patriotic songs, including *God Bless America*.

ARMED FORCES

Experiment for Survival

The Army's tough Major General James ("Jumpin' Jim") Gavin, Assistant Chief of Staff for Operations, knows that bulky concentrations of soldiers, supplies and vehicles are sitting ducks for atomic

* In battle with the *Guerrière*, in the War of 1812.

† The language is the same as that used in a 1946 award to George M. Cohan. It prevents the recipient from having the privileges of the floor of the House of Representatives, which in the cases of Cohan and Berlin was considered "neither necessary nor appropriate."

and hydrogen weapons. To solve the problem. Parachutist Gavin (four combat jumps in World War II) has had his Pentagon staff working hard on plans for a new, more mobile army for the thermonuclear age. Items: small, self-contained outfits (instead of massive divisions), scattered supply stores (instead of huge centralized depots), lighter weapons, more helicopters and convertiplanes. Last week Gavin said that the new theories will be tried out on two divisions: the 47th Infantry and 1st Armored. This fall and winter the two will be broken up, reorganized and retrained, then tested in the spring. Thereafter, all Army forces may adopt the mobility-and-dispersal-for-survival plan. Ironically, the Army, now being cut back in money and manpower, has already figured that the thermonuclear-age fighting forces will require more—rather than fewer—men.

INVESTIGATIONS

The Dignity of It All

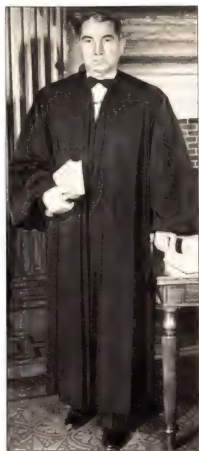
For nearly two years, beginning in 1957, a House Judiciary Subcommittee pried into suspicious tax and fraud cases that had brought scandal to the Justice Department during the Truman Administration. The most spectacular witness was a drawing, small-town lawyer named Theron Lamar Caudle (TIME, Nov. 26, 1957 *et seq.*). But more often than not the committee's trail led toward the man who had brought Caudle from Wadesboro, N.C. to Washington: onetime Attorney General Thomas Campbell Clark, since 1949 Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. When Justice Clark was asked to testify, he declined with dignity on the ground that "the courts must be kept free from public controversy."

After Clark's refusal more than a year ago, the investigation ground to a halt. The subcommittee could not clear up or pin down its doubt about Clark, wrote a report full of inferences. The full Judiciary Committee, fearful that friends of Clark would attack the report's defects, dallied about releasing it. Last week, without action by the full committee, New York's Republican Representative Kenneth Keating, chairman of the subcommittee, released the report.

Most Worthy of Criticism. It was the first public censure of Mr. Justice Clark from an official source. Said the report: "The subcommittee found no conclusive evidence of wrongdoing by Justice Clark . . . But a strong inference remains that he was responsible for some of the conditions the subcommittee has found most worthy of criticism."

Some of the conditions the subcommittee found worthy of criticism with regard to Clark arose in a case involving an Orlando, Fla. bond dealer named Roy E. Crummer. In 1944 Crummer was indicted for mail fraud in connection with two municipal bond issues. Crummer's trial lawyer brought into the case Attorney Francis P. Whitehair, a crony of Harry Truman's crony Donald Dawson. In turn,

Whitehair, who later became Under Secretary of the Navy, retained ex-Federal Communications Commission Chairman James Lawrence Fly. Whitehair and Fly called on Attorney General Tom Clark, asked him to drop the charges against Crummer, and gave him more than 60 letters from Crummer's clients. Said the Keating report: "It was improper for these attorneys to offer, and for the Attorney General to accept, argumentative materials . . . Besides, the subcommittee added, 'the letters themselves were practically meaningless,' since the point of the charges against Crummer was that he con-



JUSTICE CLARK
At the end of the trail, silence.

cealed his manipulations from his clients.

The lawyers also gave Clark a Senate resolution calling for an investigation of the Post Office and the Securities & Exchange Commission, the two agencies which had investigated Crummer. "No high-minded advocate would have trafficked so crassly in political pressures," said the subcommittee, "and no public official worthy of his office would have tolerated such a thinly veiled threat . . ."

Pressure & Favoritism. After talking to Clark, Whitehair and Fly took the matter up with Assistant Attorney General Caudle. "We sure talked to these people a lot of times," Caudle related,

Asked if he gave a lot of weight to the letters from Crummer's clients, he replied, "They impressed me." What about the SEC's investigation on which the whole case was based? Said T. Lamar Caudle: "I never did read that report . . . No, sir, I never did, I never did."

Meanwhile, Crummer protested his innocence and brought court action to clear his name, but a U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals ruled the indictments valid. To the chagrin of the SEC, the Post Office Department, and the district attorney who prepared the case, Theron Lamar Caudle recommended dismissal of the Crummer indictments. Tom Clark so ordered. Said the Keating subcommittee: "Win or lose, the Government was entitled to a trial of the issues involved . . ."

The Crummer case is a clear instance of improper action resulting from pressure and favoritism.

Last week, as the Keating report was making headlines, Mr. Justice Clark maintained the dignity of his high station: he said nothing.

Off the Hook

For a year Joe McCarthy had been making ominous sounds about investigating the most secret of U.S. Government units, the Central Intelligence Agency. During the McCarthy v. Army hearings, he told millions of televisioners that the CIA represented the "worst situation" so far as Communist infiltration was concerned. Last week, after a 17-day vacation off the coast of Mexico, Joe McCarthy got back to Washington and intimated that his committee will not probe the CIA after all. His reason: a Hoover Commission task force, headed by General Mark Clark, is going to study the agency.

This was McCarthy-style reasoning in full bloom. Far different from McCarthy's kind of investigation, the Hoover Commission study will be concerned primarily with CIA structure and administration. Joe McCarthy was merely using the Hoover Commission announcement to slip off the hook. He had lost his enthusiasm for an investigation of CIA for two good reasons: 1) he is not ready to wage another major battle with the Eisenhower Administration, which would vigorously resist a McCarthy invasion of CIA, and 2) he would not have the support of two key Republican members of his committee, South Dakota's Karl Mundt and Illinois' Everett Dirksen, who had finally balked at McCarthy's plan to attack CIA.

"Absurd"

The lean, sad-eyed son of a North Carolina Baptist preacher, Paul Crouch drifted away from the South at 21. He joined the U.S. Army, preached Communism to his buddies at Schofield Barracks in Hawaii, was court-martialed and sent to Alcatraz. After serving three years there, he was dressed out in 1928 and turned to full-time work for Communism. In 1942 he broke with the party.

A decade later, Paul Crouch started a new career: in August 1951 the U.S.

Department of Justice hired Crouch as a consultant and expert witness on Communism. Since then he has been a witness in dozens of Smith Act trials, deportation cases, grand-jury investigations and congressional hearings. In two years he has been paid \$9,675 in witness fees.

But from time to time, contradictions bulged out in Crouch's sworn testimony. In a deportation hearing against the Chicago *Sun-Times's* cartoonist Jacob Burck last year, Crouch testified that he had often seen Burck at Communist Party meetings and offices. When asked to identify Burck, he pointed to Chicago *Tribune* Photographer Max Arthur, who does not resemble Burck. In a Philadelphia Smith Act trial of several second-string Communists, Crouch testified freely about one David Davis. Then a defense lawyer reminded Crouch that in the perjury trial of West Coast Labor Leader Harry Bridges, Crouch had denied knowledge of a David Davis. Recently the Justice Department has received several affidavits from non-Communists contradicting portions of Crouch's testimony. Attorney General Herbert Brownell finally announced that he was investigating his own witness.

Last week Professional Witness Crouch made the most astonishing accusation of his career. In identical letters to Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's Government Operations Committee and the Senate Judiciary Committee, Crouch turned on his employers. He charged that Brownell and Deputy Attorney General William Rogers had "given considerable aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States." How? By launching an investigation of Paul Crouch. He demanded an investigation of Brownell and Rogers.

Confronted with this request, Indiana's Republican Senator William E. Jenner, chairman of Judiciary's Internal Security subcommittee, dismissed it with a word: "Absurd."

THE LAW

"Void for Vagueness"

In an 8-1 decision last week, the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington struck a hard blow at the U.S. Department of Justice's celebrated case against Far East Expert Owen Lattimore. The court upheld District Judge Luther W. Youngdahl's dismissal of the key count in a perjury indictment against the former State Department consultant. Said the court: the charge that Lattimore lied when he told the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee that he was not a "sympathizer" or "promoter" of Communism was "void for vagueness"; the indictment should have defined its terms.

By the same vote, the court also upheld Youngdahl's dismissal of a charge that Lattimore lied when he denied that a 1937 visit to Red headquarters in Yenan, China was made by prearrangement with the "Communist Party." Properly drawn (i.e., based on Lattimore's specific testimony), it should have read "Communist authorities," the court held. Two other



RALPH YARBOROUGH (RIGHT) & FRIEND
He raised some questions.

counts dismissed by Youngdahl were reinstated by 5-4 decisions, leaving five counts of the indictment still standing.

Although the Justice Department can 1) go to trial on the five counts, and 2) still appeal the dismissals to the U.S. Supreme Court, U.S. attorneys were disappointed. Their frustration was all the keener because the men now working on the case are not to blame for the carelessly drawn indictment. The case was originally presented to a grand jury in 1952. A key man in its preparation: Lawyer Roy M. Cohn, then a special Assistant to the Attorney General, now Senator Joe McCarthy's right-hand man.

★ Cyclone Davis, perennial Texas candidate.



RUTH MATTESON & CHAIRMAN HALL
She put her foot down.

POLITICAL NOTES

Trouble in Texas

Tall, tough Allan Shivers had always been so successful in politics that Texas politicians had come to consider him almost invincible. Shivers himself has always been supremely confident. Two years ago he defied all the political rules of Democratic Texas when he campaigned for Dwight Eisenhower, led Texas Democratic voters into the Republican camp. This spring he committed even greater (for Texas) political heresy: he announced for a third elective term as governor.

Last week there were signs that Shivers, for the first time in his long political career, was in trouble. He found himself in the unusual position (for him) of defending his public and private record against the assaults of his opponent, an eager, 51-year-old lawyer named Ralph Yarborough,* who lost to Shivers in 1952 by more than 300,000 votes. Yarborough has made political hay with a deposition, recently made public, showing that Shivers made a profit of \$425,000 on a Rio Grande Valley land deal within seven months in 1946 when he was a state senator. (He had paid \$25,000 for an option on the land.)

Last week Yarborough and Shivers appeared at a big rally at the central Texas town of Belton, and Yarborough had his say about Shivers' quick profit: "This transaction is one of the most unusual business deals ever made in Texas . . . What did the governor sell for \$450,000? Was it land? No, he didn't own any land. Was it an option? The option had already expired. Was it mineral interests? No . . . Was it water rights? No." When Yarborough finished, the crowd cheered. Allan Shivers rose to explain: "It was a legitimate business deal: I have never found anything wrong with this great American system of profitmaking." As he sat down, the only applause came from Shivers' friends on the platform.

This week Texas political observers agreed, to their own surprise, that Yarborough has a chance to beat Shivers in the Democratic primary on July 24.

A Second Party in Vermont

In Shaftsbury, Vt. last week, Republicans gathered to observe the 100th anniversary of the G.O.P.'s founding. Shaftsbury had a particular reason to celebrate. It is the birthplace of Jacob Merritt Howard, who wrote the first Republican platform in 1854 and later became a U.S. Senator. On hand for a chicken barbecue parade and party rally were Vermont's governor, a U.S. Senator and other officials. Republicans all. G.O.P. National Chairman Leonard Hall was there, too. But the most important honor guest was Mrs. Ruth Howard Matteson, 97, Jacob Howard's grandniece.

In Vermont, which alone of all states has never voted against the G.O.P., every-

o No kin to the late Earl of Yarborough, for whose family tie the white hand without horns was supposedly named.

one can be considered Republican unless proved otherwise, and Mrs. Matteson's politics were taken for granted. While waiting to make his speech, National Chairman Hall chatted with her about the party and finally about party programs. Spry little Ruth Matteson, peering at him from under her flower-trimmed hat, listened quizzically. Finally, she put her foot down. "Young man," she said, "I don't think it will do you much good to continue, I've been a lifelong Democrat, and I'm afraid I'm a little too old to change my ways."

Called to speak, moments later, a shaken Len Hall told the story; the audience gasped, then broke into good-natured laughter. From her perch in the spotlight, Jacob Howard's grandniece twinkled and beamed at the throng below. Said she later: "I didn't mind being here. I'm a great believer in the two-party system. I liked my great-uncle Jacob. He taught me how to spell, but my father taught me my politics."

Pulse: Unchanged

In early May, Pollster George Gallup's interviewers fanned out across the U.S. and asked voters: "If the elections for Congress were being held today, which party would you like to see win?" The result (outside the regularly Democratic South): Republican 52%, Democrat 48%. After the Army-McCarthy hearings ended, Gallup decided to find out how the televised controversy affected the nation's political pulse. He took the same poll again. Last week he announced the result: exactly the same as in May.

Although the poll indicated that the G.O.P. had not committed hara-kari in the hearing room, it was not completely cheering to party leaders. Since Southern states are Democratic by a margin of about 4-1, the Republicans need 55% of the vote in other states to keep control of the House. Running with Dwight Eisenhower in 1952, they got 54.9% and a shaky three-seat margin; this year the magic name will not be on the ballot.

Wes Rides Again

Fifteen months ago, a committee of the Kansas legislature wrote a report charging that Charles Wesley Roberts, chairman of the Republican National Committee, had violated the "spirit" of Kansas' lobbying laws in 1951 (TIME, April 6, 1953). The committee frowned because Roberts, a professional pressagent, took an \$11,000 fee in the sale of a hospital to the state, when he was not registered as a lobbyist. Although Roberts held no political job at the time he took the fee, the committee's report forced him to hurry to Dwight Eisenhower and hand in his resignation as Republican national chairman. Then he dropped from public view. Last week he was back in the news: the Manhattan investment firm of Lehman Bros. announced that it had hired Kansas Roberts as a "consultant." His job: winning friends and influencing people for Lehman Bros. in the Midwest.

Distraction & Division

In the budding congressional campaign of 1954, many Republican candidates have tried to steer clear of the McCarthy issue. Last week onetime Representative Clifford Case, the Republican candidate for the U.S. Senate in New Jersey, changed the script: in a 1,250-word statement liberally distributed by his headquarters, he said bluntly that he would vote against continuing McCarthy as chairman, or even as a member of the Committee on Government Operations or any committee like it.

From the time he entered the U.S. House of Representatives in 1945, able Lawyer Case has been concerned about



CANDIDATE CASE.
He changed the script.

abuses in congressional investigations. More than five years ago he introduced legislation that would have established a code of "fair procedures." He believes that congressional investigations have performed a valuable service in uncovering Communist infiltration and subversion, and is convinced that Congress must keep on investigating. But "such investigations," he said last week, "will continue effectively under leadership other than that of Senator McCarthy. And I am convinced that our total effort to meet and defeat the menace of Communism will be strengthened when the distracting and divisive effect of his participation is removed . . ."

"It is, I think, not open to question that large numbers of our people, including practically all members of many important groups in our national life, have become convinced that congressional investigations under Senator McCarthy are reckless and unfair; that they are not objective, but dominated by the purpose of proving the truth of preconceived ideas; and, what to many people is the

most disturbing of all, that they are conducted in a manner calculated to gain support by appealing to the emotions of the people rather than to their reason. As a result, when our country is faced with its greatest crisis, and unity and confidence in each other and in our Government and its leaders are essential to our survival, Senator McCarthy has become a deeply divisive force."

New Jersey Republicans were divided on what effect Case's declaration would have on his chances in the doubtful state of New Jersey. Some G.O.P. county chairmen thought it helped him, others thought it hurt him. Nevertheless, it was a statement Case felt he had to make. Said he: "No honest candidate can straddle the McCarthy issue."

Aroma in Oklahoma

In nearly all of the political gridiron shows in Oklahoma, there is a catchy tune that proclaims: "There's always an aroma in the State of Oklahoma." Last week half a million Oklahomans went to the polls in a Democratic primary and, sure enough, there was an aroma.

Fletcher Riley, a candidate for governor, was stopped by California police on the way to visit his estranged wife and relieved of a revolver and a rifle. Charley Huff, running for secretary of state, limited his plea for votes to the boast that he was "the best damn cowboy singer in the world." In Sequoyah County, E. W. Floyd, a brother of the late Charles (Pretty Boy) Floyd, won the Democratic nomination for county sheriff. And Homer Cox, just declared sane after his mother asked an examination by a sanity board, lost his race for secretary of state. Sighed one voter: "Cox was the only one of the thousands of candidates for state offices who had a certificate showing him to be sane."

When the votes were counted, U.S. Senator Robert Kerr, seeking re-election to his second term, was ahead of former Governor Roy Turner, but not far enough ahead to escape a runoff. Facing each other in a runoff for governor will be William O. Coe, Oklahoma City attorney, and Raymond Gary of Madill, president pro tem of the Oklahoma senate's last session. Willie Roberta Murray ran seventh in the field of 16 to succeed her husband, Governor Johnston Murray (in Oklahoma a governor may not succeed himself).

In most respects it was a typical Oklahoma primary, but there was a new feature: this was the first time that troops have been used. Murray ordered the National Guard out after getting reports that votes were being bought in five counties. The *Daily Oklahoman* dismissed as a futile gesture "a cordon of bayonet-bearing troops around every voting precinct in five counties." But Murray was not impressed. If he hears of more vote-buying, he said, he will order the troops out for the runoff on July 27.

* For another estimate of Senator McCarthy, see PRESS.

SEQUELS

"So Heinous, So Infamous"

"My life I give for the freedom of my country," said the note carried in the pocketbook of ember-eyed Lolita Lebrón on the bloody day last March when she and three henchmen of Puerto Rico's fanatic Nationalist Party sprayed the chamber of U.S. House of Representatives with pistol bullets, wounding five Congressmen.* Last week Terrorist Lebrón got a much lighter sentence than she apparently expected. Washington's Federal Judge Alexander Holtzoff gave her the maximum for assault with a dangerous weapon: 30 years in prison, with eligibility for parole in 16 years, eight months.

Sentenced to 75 years, with parole eligibility in 25 years, were Lolita's henchmen: Rafael Cancel Miranda, 25. Andres Figueroa Cordero, 20, and Irving Flores Rodriguez, 28. They had also been convicted of a graver offense: assault with intent to kill.

Before the sentencing, Lolita Lebrón was allowed to address the court. Said she: "I love you and I love the world and I love God . . . I ask God to forgive you and I forgive you, too." Judge Holtzoff was less willing to forgive. The four conspirators, he snapped, had shown no remorse for their "crime, so heinous, so infamous, so daring and atrocious."

Case Unclosed

On a hot July afternoon in 1944, the big top of the Ringling Bros. & Barnum & Bailey Circus, pitched in an open field near Hartford, Conn., burst into flames. Within half an hour, the tent was gone and 160 people, two-thirds of them children, were dead or fatally injured. Last week, ten years to the day after the fire, Bridgeport's Superior Court Judge John T. Cullinan ordered the circus to pay \$100,000 in legal fees to Julius B. Schatz, Hartford attorney who had served as legal counsel during a decade of receivership. When the fee is paid, the litigation that followed the greatest tragedy in circus history will be closed.

In the decade since the tragedy, the circus has paid almost \$4,000,000 in claims for death and injury. Half a million came from Lloyds of London, and \$300,000 from tax rebates. The rest of the claims consumed the show's entire profit for all of the ten years. Some 550 claimants shared the awards, one as high as \$100,000. Now the last claim has been paid.

But the case is not entirely closed, and perhaps it never will be. Five bodies were unidentifiable, and there is still the unsolved mystery of a child about five years old who suffocated under the big top. Although her pretty face was unmarred and thousands viewed her body or saw her picture, no one ever claimed the body. Three times a year, Hartford police still decorate her grave.

* All five are back at work, but Alabama's Kenneth A. Roberts still wears a brace and walks on crutches.

IDAHO

Homesteaders of '54

On the 2,000-mile Oregon Trail, traveled by so many wagons that their rutted tracks remained imprinted on the wilderness for decades, the pioneers fared worst along the fearsome Snake River valley. No game lived there; no food could be found in the cheat grass and grotesque lava beds. In places the river gorge cut so deep that voyagers could not get down to the water. At times Indians pounced; in 1862 they ambushed a caravan of 25 Iowa families, killing nine settlers and scalping six.

Last week, an hour's drive from the site of the massacre of '62, homesteaders

ranchers, townfolk, Indians—crowded into the bright, flag-draped town square of Rupert (pop. 4,000). Under trees and ten-gallon hats, they watched a parade, listened to political speeches and waited for the winning names to be drawn. Tired of waiting and hoping, lean young (30) Leslie Clair Fowers fell asleep on the grass. Next thing he knew, his wife Elizabeth was shaking him awake in wild excitement: the loudspeaker had blared his name.

Work & Hope. When Homesteader Fowers drove out to see the land, he found only sagebrush and stones in the desert vastness. "Just looking at it scared me," he said. He was tempted to stay on his father's farm in Utah. But he talked



WINNER FOWERS & WIFE
In the spring, roses for Elizabeth.

Will Jarvis

of 1954 crowded into Rupert, Idaho, for a land drawing. At stake: 100-acre homesteads in the valley of the Snake, worth upwards of \$10,000 each—when soaked with irrigation water and sweat.

Land & Water. The valley of the Snake has become one of Idaho's richest farm areas; along a 200-mile stretch of the river, business is brisk, and crops (beets, potatoes, alfalfa, produce) grow green. Water made the difference. Teddy Roosevelt's 1902 Reclamation Act brought the water; since then, the U.S. Reclamation Bureau has built a \$25 million complex of dams and canals (repayable from water and power revenue) to irrigate a million acres. Another homesteading project developed when, in 1947, a well diver struck a great underground river. Several Idaho streams, e.g., the Lost River, sink into the lava wastelands but, about 200 ft. down, flow in a steady surge. Pumps are tapping the water, enough for 648 new homesteads. At last week's drawing, 85 were to be parceled out.

For the drawing, some 6,000 people—

it over with Elizabeth and decided: "We're going to tackle it."

The Bureau of Reclamation supplies the water, but Fowers must repay the cost (up to \$830 yearly); he must settle on the land, clear it and make it grow. In the fall, he plans to move to his land, build a five-room house for Elizabeth and their three young children (Monty, Randy and Michael). "I've done carpenter work, and I think I can get my house up," he said quietly. "Besides, many of the veterans who got farms up there last year came and offered to help. One fellow, a bachelor, is living in a tent, but you should see the crops he's got . . ."

By spring, with his family in, Fowers hopes to clear the rocks, uproot the brush and plow the land for his first crop, probably grain. For years to come, he hopes for very little—no telephone, no paved road, no nearby school, nothing much but a chance to make a living on his own land. "We'll plant trees," he told Elizabeth as they stared across the bare, baking soil they had won. "If you like, we'll plant some roses, too."

NEWS IN PICTURES



A NIGHT AT THE OPERA: King Gustaf VI and Queen Louise of Sweden (second and fourth from left), on visit to London,



A STROLL IN THE GARDEN: Drum majorette leads election parade past members of Lions International and guests at Madison Square Garden. Pennsylvania Auto Dealer M. L. Nite, 52, was chosen new Lions president.





appear in royal box with Princess Margaret, Queen Elizabeth, Duke of Edinburgh (Louise's nephew), Duchess of Gloucester.



A DAY ON THE FARM: President and First Lady check up on reconstruction of Eisenhower farmhouse at the President's retreat in Gettysburg, Pa.

Intercontinental



SWAB-DOWN AT SEA: Anti-radiation device, designed to intercept "fall-out" from nuclear blast, is tested by carrier

Shangri La. Above-decks sprinkler system washes off radioactive particles before they can contaminate paint or steel.

FOREIGN NEWS

COLD WAR

Ready & Willing

The smell of peace was in the air as the Foreign Ministers reassembled in Geneva. The Communists came in wary triumph, as if fearing only some unforeseen development; the British arrived with the studied detachment of a consulting surgeon at an operating table; the French with the resolute air of a patient who has at last decided to undergo major surgery.

The Communists had made good use of the three weeks. While military committees talked in calculated deadlock, while the West stayed its hand in indecision, the Viet Minh armies had pressed deep into the Red River Delta. The French had abandoned 3,000,000 Vietnamese. The fall of Hanoi, by siege or by default, seemed imminently possible.

Chou & Ho. But peace—bitter for the Vietnamese, triumphant for the Communists—was in the air. From India, Nehru cabled Britain's Anthony Eden after his meeting in New Delhi with Red China's Chou En-lai. Little now divided the French from the Chinese. Chou had told Nehru. There would be a line drawn across Viet Nam. Laos and Cambodia would be independent but "neutral." These terms, Chou said, had been accepted by Mendes-France.

In Peking, Chou summoned British Chargé d'Affaires Humphrey Trevelyan for the first time since Trevelyan arrived a year ago, informed him that he had seen Indo-China's Ho Chi Minh and got his agreement to the projected settlement. In Paris, Mendes-France told reporters: "I have reason to smile."

The only arguments left, said the British, were 1) whether the French would be

allowed to keep a right of access to the port of Haiphong, and 2) how soon elections should be held in Viet Nam. The Communists wanted them soon, confident that electoral victory would win them the parts of Viet Nam that they had not got around to taking by force of arms. The French wanted elections late, hoping that in, say, 18 months, a stronger independent government might win the support of the Vietnamese. Of course, with things going so easily for them, the Communists might increase their demands at the last moment; but the British and French were satisfied that the Communists really want a settlement now.

The Summit Again. If it was peace, it was peace with a rancid smell for American nostrils. Secretary of State Dulles wanted to signify his distaste by staying away, and thus disassociating the U.S. from any bargain made at Geneva. But Britain and France were putting heavy pressure on him to sit in on the capitulation of the West, and to give a U.S. guarantee that the terms would be met.

There was no question that in France and Britain such a peace would be hailed with thanksgiving. For France it meant relief; for Britain, it meant tidying up an explosive situation which had been giving the British nothing but nervous jitters.

In the nostrils of old Winston Churchill, the whiff of peace was like a tonic. Why not a parley at the summit? He had declared in Washington that he still thought such a meeting might be profitable if the time was right. What better time than amidst the acclaim and relief of an Indo-Chinese peace? He put it to his Cabinet: he could meet Malenkov at Geneva, in the happy aftermath of agreement. Or Berlin, or Stockholm might provide a

suitable rendezvous: Churchill was not too keen on going to Moscow, which might look too much like a pilgrimage. Eden objected. He was already worried that the U.S. might spoil the happy atmosphere by bluntly condemning the partition of Indo-China and refusing to guarantee the settlement.

At best, the U.S. might be persuaded to accept Geneva as a necessary recognition of a clear defeat for the West. But it could hardly be expected to celebrate it.

Clash of Opinion

R.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* (83,673 tons) completed the 3,007 nautical miles from Ambrose Light to Bishop Rock at an average 20.73 knots—her fastest east-bound crossing since the war. The *Queen's* No. 1 passenger, Sir Winston Churchill, expressed himself content with the passage, and manfully concealed his disappointment in the outcome of his talks with President Eisenhower. "We have not entirely failed," said he upon landing, pink-faced and zesty, at Southampton. "Nothing comes before the true and lasting friendship between Britain and the United States." But once back home in Whitehall, the great man began presiding over a series of Cabinet meetings that might determine a new course for Britain. The possible course: eastbound, away from the U.S., in convoy with the French and other like-minded allies.

Behind Whitehall's traditional façade of Cabinet unity, there were hints of tumult and clash. Sometimes it was handsome Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden (b. 1897; educ. Eton and Oxford) versus the tough-minded Marquess of Salisbury, Lord President of the Council (b. 1803; educ. Eton and Oxford); sometimes it was Eden versus Churchill, who was a Cabinet minister before Eden was twelve. This much was known:

Indo-China. Eden now felt sure that the Communists would settle for peace in Indo-China. He was more worried by the U.S.: that the U.S. might not guarantee the settlement, and that the Communists might therefore balk. Eden would not concede that he was dissociating from the U.S., believed that the U.S. would some day pat him on the back for everything he had done.

Malenkov. Eden believed that Churchill's desire for a Malenkov meeting might unnecessarily offend Washington. Eden is historically sensitive to Prime Ministers (like Chamberlain in the late '30s) who develop foreign policies over Anthony Eden's head. The dispute was sharp and important: Eden was already getting advice from several of his friends to resign if Churchill went ahead on his own.

Red China. The Cabinet was badly split on this question: How should Britain vote when admission of Red China to the U.N. came up at the General Assembly this fall? Salisbury was against it; so, at this time, was Churchill; Eden had



CHURCHILL & EDEN AT SOUTHAMPTON
The disappointment was manfully concealed.

not made up his mind, but he did not see why Britain should vote against Red China if the Communists settled for peace in Southeast Asia. Eden knew that a British vote for Red China—even an abstention—would cause real trouble with the U.S., but once more he seemed blandly confident that the U.S. would some day appreciate his contributions.

In the willingness to hope for and believe in a negotiated coexistence with the Communists, most Britons appeared to be standing behind Churchill and Eden. But there was a proud and powerful minority who did not like Geneva. Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* (circ. 4,000,000) is not the most influential voice in Britain, but it is certainly the loudest. The *Express* allowed that Red China in the U.N. would be "folly . . . an immense reinforcement to the forces of disaster." Lord Alexander, Churchill's Minister of Defense and one of Britain's top-ranking World War II soldiers, warned recently that Communism's expansive ambitions have not changed, that Britain must do her utmost "to maintain the integrity of Southeast Asia." If free nations do not play the part forced upon them, Alexander said, "Western Christian civilization as we know it will be submerged and disappear."

Such weeklies as the *Economist* and *Punch* had misgivings about Geneva; the *Spectator* referred to Geneva as "something repellent." And Tory Lord Vansittart, one of the first influential British politicians to warn against Hitler in the '30s, was now striving to awaken Britain to the realities of Mao's Red China. "Long ago," said he last week, "I defined treaties with totalitarians as a system under which the faithful are always bound, and the faithless always free."

INDO-CHINA

Toward Surrender

Near the bamboo conference hut at Trunggia, 25 miles north of Hanoi, the Vietnamese coolies were planting fresh green shoots for a new crop of rice. Communist Viet Minh soldiers watched them from the road. Inside the hut, beribboned French and Vietnamese truce officers faced five Communist officers across a long table. The three Vietnamese fidgeted uneasily in their seats: it was their country whose fate was being decided, but they were forgotten men there.

The Communists were cordial towards the Frenchmen, and they expansively had Western newspapermen round to tea; but they would have no truck whatsoever with the Vietnamese. The Red MPs crisply presented their U.S.-made carbines whenever French officers passed by, but they would not salute the Vietnamese. And the French, bent on a settlement in Indo-China, were quick to snub the Vietnamese delegates in conference; they unquestioningly accepted such Communist terms as "People's Democratic Republic of Viet Nam" instead of the customary "Viet Minh"; they did not protest when



FRENCH & VIETNAMESE (LEFT) FACE VIET MINH COMMUNISTS AT TRUNGZIA
The snub was plain to see.

Howard Sochurek—Life

the Communists spoke only of the "French Union command" instead of the "Franco-Vietnamese command." The French and the Communists had so rigged Trunggia's ground rules that the Vietnamese were entitled to speak only through the senior French delegate—who did not choose to recognize them.

In such an atmosphere, the French and Communists quickly settled preliminaries (e.g., an exchange of sick and wounded prisoners) that had taken months to negotiate at Panmunjom. Then they agreed to discuss "readjustment of zones and regrouping of forces," meaning the abandonment of more Vietnamese land to Communism. At last, one top-ranking Vietnamese cried out: "Why should we stay here like puppets while the French give away our country?"

Fear in the City. But the giving away went on. The French government deferred sending needed reinforcements to the Red River Delta. British and U.S. consuls advised their nationals to get out of Hanoi, which stands exposed in a corridor some 30 miles wide, more than 50 miles from the sea.

Hanoi's 100,000 defenders, more than two-thirds of them Vietnamese whose morale has been shaken by Geneva, are opposed by 300,000 Communist regulars and guerrillas, 10,000 of whom have already infiltrated the French positions. The Communists have six divisions within 25 miles of Hanoi, and the French are moving stocks of arms and ammunition to the sea. There were reports that France had asked the U.S. and Britain whether they could provide enough shipping to evacuate the Delta garrison.

In the city, there was cloying uncertainty beneath a merciless summer sun. The familiar guns booming at twilight, the usual outpost skirmishes conveyed new menace to Hanoi's 300,000 people and the 100,000 refugees who poured in around them. About 20,000 Vietnamese have already left for Saigon, and 120 fly out every day (Air Viet Nam space is filled up for all July). Refugees from fallen Namdinh crowded aboard buses for Haiphong in the second phase of their exodus.

Defiance & Resignation. There was as yet no panic in Hanoi: there was more than enough food to go round, and the piaster was steady at 75 to the dollar; there were many who looked forward to a profitable co-existence with the Communists. "The Viets will need good food," mused the French hostess of the fine Le Manoir restaurant, "We shall provide it for them." But Hanoi's one sure barometer, real estate, was sharply lower, and it was possible to buy a gleaming white villa for the price of a normal year's rental. And North Viet Nam's able, disillusioned governor, Nguyen Huu Tri, resigned his job. "Physically and mentally," he said, "I am tired."

In Saigon's safer atmosphere, Viet Nam's new nationalist Prime Minister Ngo Dinh Diem tried to inspire defiance. He formed a Cabinet of eager young Vietnamese who had never truckled to the French. "A cease-fire," warned Diem, "should not lead to partition, which no Vietnamese wants and which can only lead to a new and more murderous war." Unhappily, for Diem and for his people, he seemed to be talking against the wind.

FRANCE

Now or Never

Premier Pierre Mendès-France had only a week to go on his promise to get peace in Indo-China or quit. Even those who considered him merely resolute for surrender could not help admiring his energy and decisiveness.

However much anyone could question his aims, no one could question Mendès' courage. Last week he walked into an Assembly that resents the way he has gone over its head to the people, and told the deputies in his flat, staccato tones: "If the negotiations should fail on July 20.

man, the M.R.P. was increasingly hostile, increasingly apprehensive of Mendès' course. MRPs repeated their charge that Mendès planned a complete capitulation to the Communists. Snapped Bidault: "Never before has one Frenchman done as much to cut off the arms France extends to her allies." In the press, Maurice Schumann, longtime Quai d'Orsay lieutenant of Robert Schuman, launched a series of articles accusing Mendès of "isolating" France and thus paving the way toward a disastrous slide into the Communist orbit. The Communist negotiators, Mendès retorted, "will recognize specifically, if they should be tempted to

Henri Bonnet to see Dulles in Washington, urging him to send a top-level representative back to Geneva or to come himself. Not to do so would be a disastrous blunder. Bonnet pleaded, which would encourage the Communists to raise their demand.

For Mendès-France, it was now or never. He had packed only enough clean shirts to last until July 19.

ANZUS

New Zealand, Too

One of the most respected U.S. allies reversed itself surprisingly last week. Back home from the Geneva Conference, New Zealand's External Affairs Minister Clifton Webb told Parliament that Red China should now be admitted to the U.N., "in an endeavor to drive a diplomatic wedge between Red China and Russia." New Zealand (which does not itself recognize Red China) has long agreed with the U.S., its ANZUS partner, that Red China should not be admitted until it changes its aggressive ways. But now Webb argued that in view of Chou En-lai's behavior at Geneva, "it would be hard to deny them entry."

None of this went down too well in nearby Australia, the third partner in ANZUS. Australia's view of Red China has not changed, said Prime Minister Menzies gruffly, since his policy statement of last fall. That statement: "I do not discuss recognition of my enemy while I am in the field with him."

CHINA

All in Favor Say Aye

The first order of Communist business in China last week was "universal discussion" of a draft of a new constitution promulgated by the Central People's Government Council on June 14. The Communist press and literally every Communist organization in China were instructed to demonstrate by public study, discussion and praise that the draft "has received the enthusiastic welcome and wholehearted support of the people of the whole country," as one Peking newspaper put it.

Any doubt as to its ultimate approval was removed by the constitution itself. Its preamble, a pedestrian preface to 106 dryly written articles, says with humorless certainty: "The first All-China People's Congress of the People's Republic of China solemnly adopted our country's first constitution in Peking, the capital, on [day blank, month blank, year blank]" (thus anticipating the action of a congress which is yet to be convened, on a date yet to be announced).

GREAT BRITAIN

Rejected Man

Nye Bevan was a changed and embittered man. Ever since he broke with Clement Attlee over the Labor Party's support for a Southeast Asia alliance and German rearmament, Bevan had kept to



FRENCH BLOWING UP BRIDGE IN RETREAT FROM NAMDINH
With one eye on the clock.

we would have to safeguard the expeditionary corps . . . In other words, it means sending conscripts."

Pledge Fulfilled. Since 1946, no French Premier had dared to suggest that draftees should be sent to fight in the jungles and paddies of Indo-China; only last weekend the Socialists had reaffirmed their stand against it. Mendès went beyond mere suggestion. Already, he went on, preparations were under way. Troops were getting inoculations and tropical uniforms; permission had been obtained from the NATO command. Said Mendès: "The national interest demands that the vote be already obtained when I hand in my resignation." It would be the last act of his government, he declared. "Thus, I will remain faithful to the wish I expressed on taking office, that I would leave my successor a better situation than I myself inherited."

In sheer surprise, even the Socialists joined the Gaullists in applauding. But the M.R.P. benches were silent. Resentful of Mendès' takeover of the Foreign Ministry, which had been for so long their province under Bidault and Robert Schu-

forget it, that every attempt to disassociate France from its allies and its friends will come up against an irrevocable reply that it cannot be accepted."

Fresh Troubles. All week long Mendès worked with an eye on the clock (he had one placed on the table before him at Cabinet meetings). His plan for economic reform was still to be submitted. The two Cabinet members assigned to find a compromise on EDC had already reached a stalemate. And in Tunisia and Morocco, fresh trouble welled up.

In his role of political Cassandra, Mendès had long warned of the need for greater concessions to North Africa's nationalists, and as Premier, had created France's first ministry for Tunisian and Moroccan affairs. But it was already dangerously late. In Tunisia, terrorists shot a municipal councilor, bombed a police chief's home, and machine-gunned a bus and a café, killing eight people. Mendès sent 1,600 French paratroopers to Tunis.

At week's end Mendès hurried off to Geneva, where Molotov was waiting for him. Before he left, he sent Ambassador



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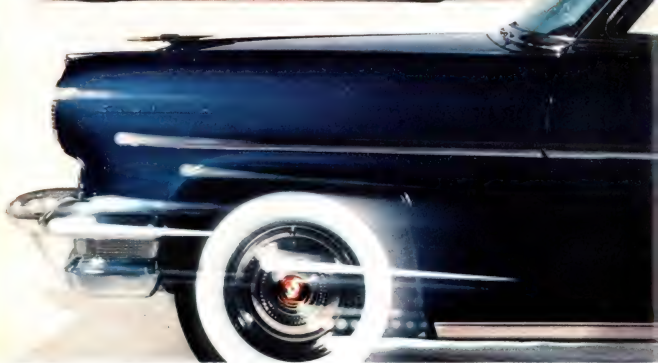
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GOODYEAR

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LINCOLN

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himself. Night after night he sat brooding in the "Bevanite" corner of the Commons' Smoke Room with one or two henchmen. Only rarely did the old wit flash out, the great laugh boom.

Some said he had the death wish on him, some that he had taken the hit-run motor incident (TIME, May 3) badly and was deeply ashamed at driving on without stopping. Others saw him as he saw himself, the tragic figure of a savior to whom nobody was grateful. He insisted over and over that only his resignation from Labor's shadow Cabinet at the first mention of a Southeast Asia Treaty Organization had restrained Clement Attlee and indirectly, Anthony Eden, from plunging ahead and bringing on a world war. Stubbornly he reiterated that the rank and file supported him, that the Labor leadership was wrong.

The Test. Three weeks ago he put the issue to a test: he decided to oppose the moderates' candidate, 48-year-old ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Gaitskell, for the job of Labor Party treasurer at the party conference in September. Key to election is the block votes of Britain's six biggest unions, usually pledged in advance. At first, Bevan seemed headed for success. Britain resounded with shrill voices echoing Bevan's "No guns for the Hun." The National Union of Railwaymen (323,000 members) announced their support. Many small unions chimed in. But Britain's biggest union (the Transport and General Workers) and its fourth biggest (the General and Municipal Workers) pledged themselves to Gaitskell. Last week the miners, Nye's own union (and Britain's second biggest with 683,000 members) met to choose their candidate.

Once the miners had come over the Welsh hills singing hymns as they came and crying aloud for "Nyrin, a king among men," Nye had gone down in the pits as one of them, with them had ridden the grimy streetscars, allotted to keep miners apart from clean folk. Miners held him

their champion when he ranted against the Tory "vermin." In the Labor Party's councils, Nye was a leader of the tough unionists with small patience for the pale, university-trained Fabians such as Hugh Gaitskell. Unless Nye could capture the vote of his own miners, he had no chance of capturing the party as a whole.

The Blow. Last week, by a decisive vote of 505,000 to 223,000, the miners turned Nye and his policies down, and picked Gaitskell. To make the matter doubly clear, they rejected by a similar margin Bevan's starfl against German rearmament. The vote was emphatic indication that despite the noisy outcry, Britons still reject the easy panacea of neutralism.

For Bevan, it was a crushing blow. "Whoever would have thought that the day would come when a miner would vote for a bloody intellectual like Gaitskell instead of an ex-miner like Nye?" cried a faithful follower. Same day, the engineers, third biggest union, also plumped for Gaitskell. With the solid support of Britain's four biggest unions, Gaitskell was now assured of 2,800,000 votes (v. Bevan's 853,000) and election in September.

In Parliament, Bevan sulked in the Smoke Room, declaring with fierce obstinacy: "I'll fight the blighter year after year if necessary." He shook off friends who pleaded with him to withdraw and run instead for his sure seat (representing the constituency parties) on the party's National Executive.

Best guess was that Bevan would be willing to risk thumping defeat to dramatize his cause. That, and the cloak of martyrdom, might be what frustrated Nye was seeking. Years ago he had written: "My concern was with one practical question . . . Where was power, and which the road to it?" He had still to find the answer.

ALBANIA

The Rocky Road

Thomas Karathanos was 25 years old when the Communists took over Albania, and his life has never been the same since. The Communists slowly tortured his father to death, because as a Greek and a small merchant he was considered "an enemy of the state." They put young Thomas in forced-labor camps for five years, and when he was released they put him in the army. When he was finally released last year, he returned to his village of Lazati to find that the school-teacher had drowned himself and the store-keeper had slashed his wrists and killed himself when accused of being an enemy of the state. As a Greek, Thomas Karathanos knew that at any moment he might be next. He talked things over with his brother-in-law. They worked out a bold plan to save the whole family: Thomas' mother, his sister and three in-laws.

Rendezvous in a Cave. Late one afternoon in May, the seven members of the family walked separately and casually out of their village. Shortly after dark



Paul Hurmutes

REFUGEE KARATHANOS
A stone's throw, a burst of flame.

they met in a secluded cave. There they also met Andreas Ghioris, a shepherd who for \$160 and a small barrel of olive oil had agreed to lead them across the mountains to Greece.

Behind their guide the seven climbed steadily into the blackness along a narrow path. "Nobody was frightened except me," said Thomas later. "My mother said I should be ashamed, that I was leaving slavery and had a whole life of freedom ahead of me."

Once they stopped to rest, for Angelica, Thomas' 24-year-old sister, was seven months pregnant and tired easily. Ghioris the shepherd went ahead to reconnoiter, and threw stones back to signal that the road was clear. They climbed on.

An hour later Ghioris again went ahead, presumably to scout. This time there was no reassuring sound of stones. Instead, the night burst into flame and thunder as rifles and machine guns blasted into the party from three directions. The shepherd had led them into an ambush. Flares arched overhead while tracers and steel slugs slammed against rocks, whining off into the night. Thomas heard the screams of the women, and once by the light of flares caught a glimpse of moaning clumps on the ground.

Escape in the Night. He fired his pistol once in the direction of the shooting, then slipped off his shoes and scrambled up a steep, rocky cliff out of the line of fire. Racing barefoot over sharp stones, he escaped into the night. At dawn he saw familiar Mt. Stoukara, and knew that the Greek border was only a short distance away. He skirted an Albanian outpost, and an hour later met a Greek army patrol.

Last week, safe in Athens, Thomas heard news from the underground of what had happened to his mother, his sister and the rest of his family. Those who lived through the ambush had been executed.



John Sadovny-Life

LABOR'S BEVAN

A crushing blow, a martyr's cloak.

HOPE for the MIDDLE EAST

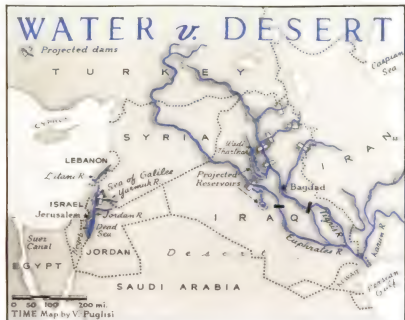
Sharing the Water Could Restore Biblical Plenty

For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains . . . a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness . . .
—Deuteronomy 8:7-9.

That was the Middle East Moses saw as he stood atop Mount Nebo 30 centuries ago. The Middle East a recent U.N. mission saw was a land of "poverty and hunger," of "barely . . . food enough to keep life in the people," where "vast areas . . . are desert." Though 80% of its 44 million depend for a living on the soil, less than a twentieth of the land is cultivated, and only a tenth of its potential realized. It is backward and unstable, a menace to itself and the world's peace.

Once, on the east bank of the Jordan, the Greeks founded the League of Ten Cities, the Romans built baths and forums, and 1,500,000 people dwelt in plenty and exported wheat to Rome. Now the east bank cannot even support its 400,000 people, who get along only because London, for strategic reasons, ships in £8,000,000 sterling a year to Jordan. Mesopotamia (now Iraq), in the fabled caliphate of Harun al-Rashid (786-809), supported 30 million people; Baghdad had a population of 2,000,000, and 30,000 public baths. Today, all Iraq barely supports 5,000,000 people, and last week a New York Times reporter described much of Baghdad as "a festering slum." An entire civilization once flourished in the Negebe, with terraced lands, inns for wayfarers and broad-avenued cities. The cities have crumbled, and the Negebe is now a dust bowl, with rare patches of green painstakingly watered by dedicated Israelis.

What happened? It was not nature that changed. The land remains, the rains



still fall, the rivers flow in the same measure. But under the pounding of warriors and nomads, the ancients' brilliantly intricate system of water conservation disintegrated. Hulagu Khan^o and his Mongol hordes rode out of Central Asia, smashed Mesopotamia's elaborate crisscross of canals and dehydrated the Garden of Eden. The waiting Bedouin nomads advanced into the Sinai and Negebe like locusts when Roman and Byzantine authority declined. They demolished vaults, run-off canals and 300-ft. reservoirs. Their goats and camels pushed over terraces, broke fencing, ate the water-hugging groves of trees and stunted tamarisk, and sent the area back to desert. Silt choked the irrigation canals, and jammed the thousands of storage cisterns, salt caked the wells. And on the Nabatean dew mounds, carefully constructed 2,000 years ago of millions of pebbles to catch and condense the desert morning dew and trickle it onto the seeded earth below, buzzards took up roost.

As the water supply declined, so did the Middle East. Even the discovery of oil in the Middle East made little difference. Most of the new wealth is still skimmed off the top by sheiks, who live well and proliferate, raising sons who travel not by camel but by air-conditioned Cadillac. Since 1919, the living standard in three-fourths of the Middle East has fallen.

The Middle East has "two underground resources of very great importance—namely, water and oil," says British Scientist E. B. Worthington. And he adds: "Of these, water takes first place . . . In the Middle East nearly as many murders take place on account of water as on ac-

count of women, which is saying a good deal." Oil is what the Middle East has to offer the rest of the world; water is what it needs for itself.

Flooded Drought. The opportunity that the ancients took advantage of still awaits the moderns. They have only to care enough. Some do:

EGYPT, by an agreement with Britain which has outlasted riots and mutual insults, controls the flow of the Nile. She thus manages to support 17 million fellahin on a thin green strip of land along its banks. The Nile's surplus is dammed up at Aswan during the wet season, released during the dry. Now in process: a Nile "century" scheme to even out wet and dry decades and provide an ever-normal flow for irrigation by making Lake Victoria into the world's largest storage dam.

Iraq has a long-range plan to restore the Biblical green of the Tigris-Euphrates; if only its restless people and its turbulent politics will wait for its fruition. By turning the Wadi Tharthar (dry river bed) into a reservoir to sequester the Tigris-Euphrates overflow in floodtime, the annual drought-flood cycle will be controlled and Iraq's irrigated area doubled. It is being financed out of the country's oil royalties (\$140 million last year).

Heritage of Hatred. "It is the duty of each man in his lifetime," says an Arab proverb, "to beget a son, to plant a tree and to dig a well." If each nation in the Middle East did its duty about its water supply in the next 30 years, Egypt could raise its food output 30%. Syria 143%, Iraq 183%, Lebanon 37%. One difficulty is that in the vast dry-land area between the Mediterranean and the Per-

^o Grandson of Genghis, brother of Kubla.

sian Gulf, only one of six major rivers—Lebanon's Litani—runs its entire length within a single country. To store and use the 44 billion cubic feet of water that the Jordan River pours annually into the Dead Sea, for example, would require an agreement between Israel, Syria and Jordan. On the Jordan, a solution to the thousand-year water problem could bring not only economic survival but peace. It is blocked by a heritage of hatred.

In 1948 some 870,000 Arab men, women and children fled from the Holy Land to get out of the way while their five armies sought to liquidate the Israelis. But when the fighting ended in Arab defeat, they had no place—neither in victorious Israel (which feared them as fifth columnists and turned over their lands and houses to Jewish immigrants) nor with their Arab hosts, already short of water for their own people. From Gaza to Syria, they became dwellers-on-the-dole, in 61 tent, mud-hut and cave colonies leaning against the flimsy Israel border. The longer they waited, the more sullen they grew, and the more receptive they became to the fanaticism of the Moslem Brotherhood and the rabblerous of Communist agitators. Firebrands among them killed Jordan's King Abdullah (for compromising with Israel), overthrew governments and raided into Israel, setting off a chain of attacks and reprisals that led straight to the massacres at Kibya and Scorpion's Pass.

The Arab-Jewish war for Palestine and the astounding growth of Israel since then (from 782,000 to 1,661,000) have turned a chronic water shortage into a burning thirst, an engineering difficulty into a first-class diplomatic problem.

Assignment: Trouble. One day last October, American Supersalesman Eric Johnston, the spring-legged onetime "boy president" of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, headed out of the White House for a new sales territory with a fateful assignment: to break the Arab-Israeli deadlock, solve the refugee problem and promote local peace by getting those sworn enemies, the Arabs and Israelis, to agree on a common scheme for developing the Middle East's water resources. He put his chances at about 1 in 10.

He faced a bewildering task. Since the end of World War II, both sides have been spawning water-development plans at the rate of about two a year. Today there are at least 20 dissimilar schemes. The Israelis have one with the catching title TVA-on-the-Jordan. The plan: to divert the Jordan's sweet waters from the Dead Sea to the arid Negev (half of Israel's land mass), and to compensate the salty Dead Sea, whose level would otherwise drop disastrously, by piping in Mediterranean water 25 miles across Israel. On the way to the Dead Sea, which is the lowest point in the world (1,286 ft. below Mediterranean sea level), the incoming waters would drop swiftly through turbines, thereby generating 803 million kw-h of hydroelectricity annually for Israel.

The Jordanians had another plan: divert the waters of the Yarmuk (a tributary of the Jordan) exclusively for Arab use. Both schemes have, to some extent, U.S. sponsorship. U.S. Experts Walter C. Lowdermilk and James B. Hays wrote the Israel TVA-on-the-Jordan; Mills E.unger, U.S. Point Four expert, using a \$920,000 U.S. grant, conceived Jordan's Yarmuk plan.

Into this scramble walked Johnston, carrying yet another U.S.-designed scheme: a desk study by a Boston engineering firm, Charles T. Main, Inc. The Main plan would divide the Jordan's waters so as to irrigate 234,000 acres—three-eighths of them in Israel, most of the rest in Jordan (where 200,000 Arab refugees would be resettled), with a token



ERIC JOHNSTON
On the ten-yard line.

amount in Syria. Johnston had to move cautiously. If he pushed his own plan too hard, the participants might pick up their blueprints and go off to play their own games. In that case, Jordan might go ahead on the Yarmuk and deprive the Jordan of half its waters; Israel might take the rest: Syria could confound them both by diverting the Jordan's headwaters. Water, which could bring peace and prosperity to the land, might also precipitate a shooting war.

Just as Johnston flew off to the Middle East, the massacre of the Arab village of Kibya took place (TIME, Oct. 26, 1953), inflaming the area to its highest pitch since 1948. When he landed, the embittered Arab press greeted Johnston (who heads Hollywood's Motion Picture Association) by calling him the Zionist servant of a Jewish-controlled industry; the eight-nation Arab League rejected his scheme, sight unseen. Jordan said it would rather suffer economic disaster than cooperate "directly or indirectly" with the Israelis. Iraq sent word to Johnston not to bother to come (but later

shamefacedly invited him). Only the Israelis were polite to President Eisenhower's emissary. They did not much like his scheme either (since it would bring no water to the Negev), but decided they might as well let the Arabs bear the onus of saying no.

Rebuffs only seemed to spur Eric Johnston to new efforts of persuasion. Wherever he went, he deflected tirades by holding up his hand and saying he did not want a yes or no answer right now, just a promise to look at his proposal. Back at the White House after three weeks, Johnston reported that Jordan "closed the door but did not lock it," while Syria "left the door slightly ajar." That was enough: Salesman Johnston had his foot in the door. He revised his chances from 1 in 10 to 1 in 3. He said he would go back in a few months.

In those months since last October, the atmosphere has changed. Both sides—Arabs, who had not wanted to talk to Johnston, and Israelis, who had not really listened—had devised new proposals. Each revised Johnston's scheme in its own interests. Instead of storing the Jordan's waters in the all-Israel Lake Tiberias, said the Arabs, keep the water behind two dams on the all-Arab Yarmuk. (They also wanted to cut Israel's share of Jordan water from one-third to one-fifth.) The Israelis proposed to double the amount of available water by piping Lebanon's Litani River (which skirts Israel) into the scheme, and give all the increase to Israel to irrigate the Negev.

This time when Johnston returned to the Middle East, his success, said an American observer, was greater "than anybody had a right to expect." In six quick days in Cairo, Johnston, with much help from Egypt's government, hammered out a give-and-take agreement with the Arabs. The Arabs abandoned their alternative proposal. Johnston, in return, agreed to: 1) their demand for additional dams on the Yarmuk, and 2) their insistence that the Jordan waters be used "only within the Jordan basin" (which rules out irrigating Israel's Negev). Significantly, the Arabs accepted "international controls" of the water scheme, the first time since the war's end that they had agreed to recognize and talk peaceably with Israel. No one had been able to win such a concession before.

Israel was another success. Reluctantly but realistically, the government agreed to abandon its alternate plan and to negotiate for Jordan water on Johnston's terms. "We have reached the ten-yard line," said Johnston exuberantly.

Last week, reporting to the President, Eric Johnston was a little more cautious but still hopeful: "An early understanding . . . on a plan for unified development of both the Arab and Israeli portions of the Jordan Valley is now a possibility," he said. That understanding might be more late than early in coming but after seven centuries of drought and six years of border warfare, it is news in the Middle East that there should be even a faint chance.

INDIA

Water for the Punjab

Two hundred thousand men and women in brightly colored turbans and saris, standing in the 100° sun, cheered Prime Minister Nehru one day last week as he pressed a button and sent tons of water roaring through a new canal toward the parched deserts of India's thirsty East Punjab. Along the 238-mile, tile-lined concrete canal, devout Hindus burned camphor. Tears ran down the wrinkled cheeks of old peasants who, in past years, had seen their children and their cattle perish in drought.

Nehru (whose name means canal) was opening the first link in the Bhakra-Nangal Canal System, part of an Indian-financed, U.S.-engineered \$327 million hydroelectric-irrigation project. Starting in the Himalayan foothills where the Sutlej River pours onto the plains, the project has more than 4,500 miles of canals, will eventually distribute water through an area twice the size of New Jersey, some of it in chronic famine.

In a voice quivering with emotion, Nehru said: "I look upon these projects, where thousands of human beings are engaged in great constructive activity for the benefit of millions of their fellow beings, as temples and places of worship. These are sacred places . . . for me more sacred than temples, gurdwaras [Sikh shrines] and mosques. I feel more religious-minded when I see these great works."

While Indians cheered, tempers rose in neighboring West Pakistan. Premier Mohammed Ali called an emergency Cabinet session, and lodged a strong protest with New Delhi. For years the two nations have quarreled about water almost as much as they have quarreled over Kashmir. World Bank officials in Washington are trying to get them together on a plan for joint Indian-Pakistani development of the waters of the Sutlej and four other rivers which join the Indus (all of which flow out of Indian-held territory and give West Pakistan its life).

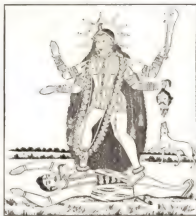
Though eventually there should be water enough for all, the new canal will divert the Sutlej River waters, which irrigate much of Pakistan's fertile West Punjab, before Pakistan can build compensating canals. Pakistan fears that Nehru—or a less friendly successor—could, if he wished, turn West Punjab into the desert it once was.

The Terror of Kings

At the birth of Man Singh, a son of the proud Thakore clan in India's northern Agra district, a Brahman priest predicted that he would one day grow up to "become a terror to kings." But as a boy Man Singh was remarkable only for his mild and conscientious disposition. He took no part or interest in the traditional blood feuds between Brahman and Thakore that raged constantly in the Rajput countryside west of the Taj Mahal. He clothed himself in the handspun cloth of

humility known as Khadi to show his allegiance to Gandhi, and in hawk-nosed, dignified manhood, he became one of the most respected members of the local government.

Woman of Low Reputation. In 1931, however, Man Singh fell into a dispute with the same prophetic Brahman priest, over a property line that separated their two estates. In the midst of the dispute, the priest saw fit to establish a low-caste mistress in his house. The upright Singh, married and the father of children, was outraged. He charged the Brahman with polluting the neighborhood and demanded that the priest get rid of his girl friend. The priest refused; angry words flew; other Brahmins and other Thakores joined the ruckus. Before it was over, the priest and three of his relatives lay dead.



THE GODDESS KALI
Rough justice and a fine funeral.

As a result, Man Singh, the proud and the upright, was sent off to jail for five years.

Man Singh came back from jail to find himself in a hostile world. His property was gone. His sons had fled to escape the law, and the Brahmins crowded mercilessly over his downfall. Swearing eternal vengeance on the priest's family, Man Singh renounced Gandhi, gave his new allegiance to Kali, the goddess of vengeance, and fled to the hills to join his sons.

Man of Some Honor. The history of northern India is studded with the names of notorious outlaw dacoits who roam the hills in the name of Kali, robbing the rich, comforting the poor, and in general spreading terror and rough justice. No dacoit in modern times ever became so feared or respected as Man Singh in the years that followed his great oath of vengeance. Villages over an area of 8,000 square miles learned to tremble at news that his gang was near. Few moneylenders dared call in the police when Man Singh sent them the chopped-off finger of a kidnapped relative demanding ransom for the rest of him, for the dacoit's punishment of informers was swift and bloody. But Man Singh, for all his legendary ruthlessness, was still a man of some honor who was always generous to the poor and con-

siderate of women. After killing a policeman in line of duty, he would often pay for a fine funeral and settle a generous sum on the officer's widow.

Of late years, Man Singh has returned to his old preoccupation with religious matters. He used much of his ill-won gains to erect temples in the valleys of Chambal and Betwa, to the goddess Kali and to Siva, the lord of destruction. He began appearing in the saffron robe of a priest, usually carrying prayer beads. But in one respect he remained relentless: he had vowed to kill every male member of the hated Brahman priest's family, and kill them he did, one by one, even though they tried to escape by going 650 miles away to Bombay.

Three weeks ago, as the 4,000-odd policemen assigned to track him down were combing the wild hills in a desperate last attempt to bring him to justice, Man Singh's men made a swift raid on a village and shot dead the Brahman priest's only surviving relative. At last the dacoit had fulfilled his vow to Kali.

Last week as the monsoon began blowing through India to make the jungle tracks impassable to all but panthers and dacoits, the 18-year hunt was once again suspended and the 4,000 policemen called off. In the hills of northern India, Man Singh, terror of kings and favored of Kali, still reigned supreme.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

The Seven Hostages

Over a meadow and into Bärnau, a small German town hard by the Czechoslovak border, journeyed a U.S. Army weapons carrier one evening last week, bearing seven off-duty medics of the 186th Field Artillery Battalion. On the main street the truck halted, while Captain Jack M. Davis cautiously asked townspeople about the exact location of the border; he was anxious not to wander over it.

An hour later, after dusk and fog had settled in over Bärnau, a West German border guard on routine patrol found the weapons carrier parked a bare six feet from the border. The G.I.s were nowhere in sight. "Neither a shot nor a passionate discussion" had been heard, the border guard reported. The passionate discussion came next day. Usually, unarmed strays from either side are herded back without argument. But this time a Czech major said that his government would swap the Americans for three Czechoslovak forestry workers who had fled to Germany seeking asylum on June 30. The Communists appeared hotly anxious to get the three Czechs back.

The U.S. State Department got off an angry protest to Prague, demanding the immediate release of Captain Davis and his men. Czechoslovakia replied that the seven Americans were spies. Nonetheless, the State Department remained cautiously optimistic. Mrs. Davis, the wife of the captain, was not so easily consoled. Sobbed she: "I don't want to wait as long as Mrs. Vogeler."

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GUATEMALA

Down the Middle

Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas, by right of conquest and popular acclaim, last week took the presidency of Guatemala. The temporary junta, of which he was a member and Colonel Elfege Monzón the head, saw no reason to prolong its nervous interregnum and unanimously voted Castillo Armas into office. Then two Monzón supporters resigned, leaving the junta composed of the new provisional President, one of the officers who fought in his rebel army, and Monzón, who stayed on to be the voice of the regular Guatemalan army. Castillo Armas' 3,000 tattered troops planned to muster out.

Bad for Reds. What kind of regime would Castillo Armas be? Since he marched under the banner of anti-Communism, he will doubtless deal sternly with any real Reds or their sympathizers in the overthrown government of former President Jacobo Arbenz—if he can catch them. Of Arbenz and his Foreign Minister Guillermo Toriello, Castillo Armas said: "These men are criminals . . . responsible for torturing and killing many people." He froze the assets of the ex-President and 99 of his cohorts, and seized Arbenz' 6,700-acre showplace cotton plantation.

But no anti-Communist blood bath was in prospect. Arbenz and his top cronies were mostly safe in embassy asylum and likely to get out of the country soon (see below). Two ranking Communists—Carlos Manuel Pellecer and Victor Manuel Gutiérrez—had quit embassies and joined a third, Alfredo Guerra Borges, in hiding. They might try to make backlands trouble for Castillo Armas, if they were willing to risk being caught and shot. Two thousand minor suspects were held for questioning in jails just vacated by the anti-Communists Arbenz kept there.

Good for Progress. On the evidence of his first days in office it was clear that Castillo Armas planned no abrupt swing to the right. His coup came to Guatemala in the midst of a ten-year-old social revolution against a series of dictatorships that had ruled for 105 years before. The rebel, who sided with Arbenz in the 1944 overthrow of Dictator Jorge Ubico, has no nostalgia for the old days. Last week he promised to consolidate all "social reforms benefiting the working class" and to "continue the public works begun by our enemies." Land redistribution, which has been slowly getting some of the country's huge estates into peasant hands, will stay, though it will surely be modified to prevent abuses of the basic law. For his new Cabinet, Castillo Armas appointed mostly capable middle-of-the-roadsers.

Castillo Armas promised elections, first for an assembly to write a new constitution, and later for the presidency. Running the risk of uninformed criticism, he deprived the country's illiterates of the vote. Trucking unlettered Indians to the



COLONEL MONZÓN & PRESIDENT CASTILLO ARMAS
By right of conquest and popular acclaim.

polls and showing them where to put the cross has long been the favorite way of Guatemalan Presidents, including Arbenz and his dictatorial predecessors, of getting into office or staying there. In refusing ballots to citizens who cannot read or write, Castillo Armas freely surrendered a traditional weapon for keeping power.

Hope for the Future. Though the previous regime apparently hijacked some \$30 to \$35 million out of the treasury, leaving Castillo Armas some immediate financial problems, the future is not dimming. Guatemala is fourth among the world's coffee-producing nations, and grows a high-quality bean that commands a premium price, benefiting both the economy and the tax collectors.

All signs thus pointed toward an enlightened, prosperous regime, and to this hope Roman Catholic Archbishop Mariano Rossell y Arellano added his influential voice. In a pastoral letter last week he said: "The hour has arrived to intensify the practice of the social doctrine of the church. If Guatemala fails to follow the Christian path of justice and love . . . do not be surprised if bloody Communism again returns to this country." As a sort of amen to that, nine nations quickly recognized the new regime, and Secretary of State Dulles hinted that the U.S. would soon follow suit.

Insane Asylum

Never in Latin American history had the tradition of diplomatic asylum been so heavily used or so flagrantly abused. With the collapse of Jacobo Arbenz' Communist-manned government, about 900 people fled to nine embassies, taking the time-honored escape route after los-

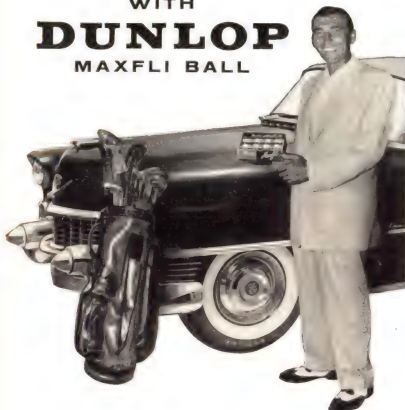
ing a revolution. Some of the refugees were top officials of the old regime, notably Arbenz himself, most of his Cabinet and a quorum of Congress. Others were panicky henchmen, fearful that they might be held responsible for the last month of Red terror, beatings and killings. In bad conscience, many thought it prudent to take with them wives, children, and even servants.

Bedless Bedlam. Mexican Ambassador Primo Villa Michel had never troubled to hide his sympathy for the Red-lining old regime. As a reward, his midtown embassy got 416 of the new refugees. The building is a high-celled old house of 20 offices and rooms but without grounds or garden. Together with a hastily rented house next door, it soon took on the look of an 18th century slave ship. Asylum seekers, including 60 squalling babies, sprawled on mattresses spread in halls, offices and reception rooms. There was no privacy; on the stairs, people slept, read, quarreled or flirted, oblivious to the constant traffic. Long queues stretched back from the four bathrooms.

Ambassador Villa Michel chivalrously gave his own bedroom to Arbenz, who fell off the wagon and went on a thundering three-day bender, after which a doctor straightened him out with glucose injections. Former Foreign Minister Guillermo Toriello visited the ex-President from time to time, but most of the other inmates never saw him. José Manuel Fortuny, No. 1 Communist and longtime Arbenz adviser, had an urgent personal problem: his wife was at the point of giving birth. The former Health Minister, also in asylum, delivered the baby, a boy, whom Fortuny gratefully saddled with

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the name Cuauhtémoc, in honor of Mexico's last Aztec prince.

In sharp contrast to this crowding, the Argentine embassy offered relative luxury. Its huge downstairs rooms provided ample mattress room for 175. All had the run of two acres of lawns and gardens. One of the asylum seekers at the Chilean embassy turned out to have typhus—and was hastily turned out.

Final Freedom. As though sheer numbers had not already strained the controversial custom of asylum, the guests abused it further. Violating conventions that require them to stay incommunicado, they phoned, received visitors, talked through doors and windows. Money and arms were passed in and out. The new government, convinced that the cash had been filched from the treasury, tried to stop the traffic with a warning to the ambassadors concerned, finally ringed the embassies with cops.

Castillo Armas also announced that his "determination in general is not to allow the departure of any refugee guilty of common crimes," and said he thought he could show that Arbenz was the "author of a common crime." But to deny safe-conducts, at least for the important refugees, would be to defy both the generous interpretation of the right of asylum that Guatemala has traditionally held, and the government of Mexico, Guatemala's traditional friend. Worse, seizing Arbenz might enable him to pose as a martyr. Castillo Armas may stall long enough to make Arbenz and friends cough up some of the public funds they have stolen. Eventually, he will probably let them go. To that end, Mexico last week officially requested safe-conducts for Arbenz and his family.

In Shooting Condition

With the airliners flying again, travelers were winging out of Guatemala last week with fresh tales of the two-week revolution. The most surprising report, dutifully passed along from Mexico by the New York Times, was that the celebrated 2,000 tons of Communist arms, shipped in May from Poland to Guatemala, were worthless military junk. The shipment, so the story went, included a vast quantity of useless antitank mines, broken-down Czech machine guns and heavy, worn-out cannon.

If the Kremlin's play for Guatemala had been some inexplicable practical joke, sending useless arms to Arbenz would indeed have been the cream of the jest. But members of the U.S. military mission in Guatemala, who have had a preliminary look at the Red arms, say that they were entirely usable. They included thousands of standard Mauser rifles, machine guns and machine pistols, hand grenades, mortars, 37-mm. antitank guns (deadly against trucks), 75-mm. howitzers suited to the local terrain, plus antitank and anti-personnel mines. All were in shooting condition. Not for lack of weapons, but because it had no heart for defending Communists, did the Guatemala army refuse to fight.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Landing in Manhattan after a seven-month European concert tour, Peru's multi-octaved singer **Yma Sumac**, with her son Charles, 5, in tow, bumped smack into immigration officials who detained her at the pier for an hour, then confined her to the New York City area pending a hearing this week. In tearful confusion, Yma wailed: "I didn't kill. I didn't rob. I didn't nothing. What?" Yma and her husband, Peruvian Composer **Moisés Vivanco** (similarly treated when he returned to the U.S. last month), blamed the "professional jealousy" of Yma's rival warblers for hanging "some question of subversion" over both their heads. The immigration officials kept their silence.

In Denver on his first extended tour of the West, vacationing Student **Arthur MacArthur**, 16, son of General of the Army **Douglas MacArthur**, was cornered by newsmen at a hotel, promptly showed an inherited talent for maneuver. Photographers slyly tried to get the lad to pose directly before several framed pictures of President **Dwight Eisenhower**. But young MacArthur was aware of his ungarded rear. "Oh no," he announced firmly. "My father doesn't want me to pose for pictures like that. He told me: no political pictures." Then he faded away from the vulnerable sector.

Dashing Cinemactor **Errol** (*Against All Flags*) **Flynn**, 44, a well-docketed veteran of legal brawls (two divorce suits, one trial and one accusation of statutory rape), was all tangled up with another

lady, though this matter had nothing to do with romance. The plaintiff: his former London landlady, winner of a court order requiring Flynn to cough up \$128.80. This, she charged, was the amount she anted up to pay his unpaid bills after he moved out like Flynn. When he got the bad word, Flynn gave a defiant performance. "I shall not pay!" cried he. "I will defend this to the end [even though] it may cost me ten times as much as paying off—or 100 times . . . I'm mad . . . I'll fight to the death—even if I have to fly back here [i.e., London] from California."

Harry Truman, after 19 days in the Kansas City Hospital, where he had survived a major operation and a dangerous infection (*TIME*, June 28 et seq.), checked out at 5:30 one morning, drove home to a quiet breakfast on the screened porch.

Austria's Prince **Ernst Rüdiger von Starhemberg**, 55, whose fascist bullbusts and *Heimwehr* provided a home-front imitation of Nazism until the real thing seized Austria in 1938, got more strange forgiveness for his past troublemaking: Austria's highest court handed back to him his 82 castles, estates and mansions, all of which were originally confiscated by the Nazis when they took over and remained in public custody at war's end. Since 1943, Von Starhemberg has been holed up in Argentina—but for little good reason of late. Another Austrian court last year ruled that there were no grounds for trying him on charges of high treason.

Word sifted through the Bamboo Curtain that France's General **Christian de Castries**, gallant loser of the siege of Dienbienphu, was being "well treated" in a Viet Minh prison camp.

In an idyllic vignette on the Nevada shore of Lake Tahoe, Cinemactress **Ava Gardner**, 31, awaiting a Reno divorce from Cinemactor-Crooner **Frank Sinatra**, held hands with a dark, handsome fellow and waved happily at two fishermen who chugged past in a small boat. Ava's escort: the man who tried to teach her how to subdue bulls as she subdues men in the movies, Spanish Matador **Luis Miguel Dominguez**, 28. What Ava didn't know might have hurt her: the fishermen were actually private detectives, working for an unidentified client whom they presumed to be "a rich man." Their orders: "Check on Dominguez's every move—even follow him to Manila."

As Evangelist **Billy Graham**—met at the ship by his wife Ruth and three daughters—landed in the U.S. after his phenomenally successful five-month swing through Western Europe, Czech Communists suddenly perceived the sinister anti-Communist purpose behind Billy's salvation tour. Their ingenious conclusion, as blared forth by Radio Prague: "The team which he is carrying with him [through



EVANGELIST GRAHAM & FAMILY
Trouble in the cards.

West Germany] is suspiciously little concerned with the beautiful hymns and concluding prayer, but is diligently collecting [name and address] cards in order to maintain future contact and to send material." At week's end, back home in North Carolina, Graham found something more serious to worry about: doctors told him he had a kidney stone, which may soon be diligently collected by surgeons.

Excused from duty at New Jersey's Camp Kilmer while he was neck-deep in the Army-McCarthy hearings, National Guard Lieut. **Roy M. Cohn** got orders to report in September for training at Mississippi's Keesler Air Force Base.

Having settled down to the good expatriate life in Paris, veteran Movie Director-Playwright **Preston** (*Strictly Dishonorable*) **Sturges**, 55, figured the time was proper to burn behind him all bridges leading back to Hollywood. His holocaust blazed merrily in the columns of France's weekly *Arts Magazine*. "We must never forget that the cinema is an art," warned he. "But it is an art so much more costly than the others . . . that the artist must tie himself to the businessman . . . In that lies all the drama—rather the comic opera—of Hollywood: a group of fat businessmen—good fathers, not very funny, who amuse themselves, big cigars in hand, discussing stock-exchange quotations, the percentage of returns on their stocks, world tendencies . . . condemned to conjugal existence with this heap of drunkards, madmen, divorcees, sloths, epileptics, morphinomaniacs and assorted bastards, who are, in the considered opinion of the management, artists."



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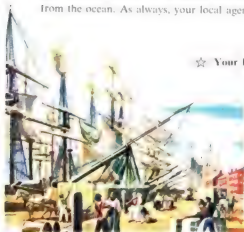
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MUSIC

The Show's the Thing

The ingredients of good show tunes come from requirements of staging, action and pace, and as a result relatively few show tunes become pop hits. But last week, no fewer than three tunes from *The Pajama Game*, Broadway's brightest musical of the season, were tweaking jukebox and disk-jockey fancies: a slinky, satirical tango called *Hernando's Hideaway* was high on the bestseller record lists, a rowdy novelty called *Steam Heat* was also on the lists, and the show's big ballad, *Hey There*, suddenly showed signs of becoming a big hit.

Nobody was more surprised, or pleased, by this than Manhattan's Richard Adler, 30, and Jerry Ross, 28, creators of *Pajama Game*'s musical score and the U.S.'s hottest songwriting team. "This," they say with a verve that is not yet curdled by success, "is the pot o' gold." For Adler and Ross, the magical rainbow began to form about four years ago, when they met in a music publisher's office and decided to pool their talents. Adler's contributions: a childhood rebellion against formal music studies (his father is Pianist Clarence Adler), a perennial playgoer's love for the stage, and the experience in idea-juggling that came from an advertising job with a textile manufacturer. Ross's contributions: youthful stage experience in the Jewish theater and music studies at N.Y.U.

Big Guns. Both had been moderately successful songwriters individually and admirers of each other's work. Both could write both words and music. A large part of their collaboration, they discovered after getting together, turned on a spontaneous veto-rule: one of them would suggest an idea for a lyric or hum a snatch of

melody; if the other actively opposed it, out it went without argument. Some days, when working to a deadline, they might draft all but the last eight bars of a song, and each go home to dream up his own solution. After that, a song usually got about a week's polishing before both were satisfied.

Most of their first years together were spent writing special material for nightclub acts and TV shows (e.g., *Stop the Music*). The first glimmer of bigger success came when Songwriter Frank (Guys and Dolls) Loesser decided they were a promising team, and signed them up for his new publishing house. Among their 150-odd songs: last winter's hit, *Rags to Riches*, seven numbers for *John Murray Anderson's Almanac*.

Periodically, Ross and Adler sang and played their songs for Veteran Producer George Abbott ("one of the most frightening experiences we ever had"), and last fall, after three years of hearing their offerings, Abbott gave them the script for *Pajama Game* (from Richard Bissell's novel *7½ Cents*)—and a month in which to write the first four songs. The big audition came on Christmas Eve, when they performed the songs for a battery of theatrical big guns. "We were scared to death," says Adler. "It was a lousy Christmas Eve." But next day they were told to go ahead with the rest of the score.

By the Bole. The project appealed to them from the start. Both songwriters shy from commonplace situations, and *Pajama Game*'s unconventional pajama-factory setting and management-labor struggle bristled with off-beat possibilities. They liked the idea of a rough, tough chorus, and wrote "fish or cut bait" parts for it. For their ballad they invented a switch on old operatic letter scenes, had Baritone

How to Win a Bet with a Carpet Tack

by
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In fact, in the old days when whiskey was sold to taverns in bulk, it was quite a trick to slip into the back room and drop a nail into a competitor's barrel. Many an honest distiller has had to replace his "spiked" bourbon.

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SONGWRITERS ROSS & ADLER
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Tommy Weber

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John Raitt sing into an office dictating machine and then do a duet with his own recorded voice.

Pajama Game's songs sometimes seem to echo other recent show tunes, sometimes are "different" in a self-conscious way. But the song-buying public likes the style, is buying Rosemary Clooney's version of *Hey There* by the bale (Columbia Records factory orders last week: 40,000 copies). As for Adler and Ross, they are now vacationing 100 miles apart, looking around for another script that is sufficiently out of the ordinary to start work on another show. "If we find one that ten people say is ridiculous," they say, "we'll probably do it."

Symphony in Suntans

Music-proud Salzbergers hardly knew what to expect. The conductor was a sergeant; most of the 65 players were youngsters, and all wore the suntans of the U.S. Army. But the program was solid, symphonic fare, and as it progressed, the performance compared favorably with good European orchestras. When it was over the audience applauded long and loud. The three-year-old Seventh Army Symphony Orchestra, the only full symphony orchestra in the Army,* had just won itself and the occupying forces some new friends. Their success was no surprise to orchestra members. "We are," says one, "the best lowest-paid orchestra in the world."

No Army brass, and little of its rank and file, thought in the spring of 1952 that the occupation forces needed a symphony orchestra. But, according to the story now favored by the orchestra members, the Seventh Army's Lieut. General Manton S. Eddy got tired of being ribbed by his German friends about the cackle of hillbilly music that emanated daily from the Armed Forces Radio. When he heard that an energetic young corporal named Samuel Adler wanted to form an orchestra of musicians who were languishing in other Army jobs, General Eddy was enthusiastic, put his three-starred authority fully behind the venture. The following summer the outfit made a tour of Germany and even hired itself out as pit orchestra for a production of *The Marriage of Figaro* at the Passau festival.

Wornout Horn. Germans and Austrians began to eye Americans with new respect, but the orchestra played through some hard months: Conductor Adler got his discharge; so did half of the orchestra at about the same time. It limped along, periodically hit by transfers and discharges. Two years and two conductors later, the symphony was in danger of collapse. It had played its repertory almost to death (the sound-effects man completely wore out his taxi horn on Gershwin's *An American in Paris*), and at some performances the concert hall all but emptied for good at intermission time. But the New York Philharmonic-Symphony's Conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos got the ear of General



CONDUCTOR SCHERMERHORN
The sergeant gives the orders.

William M. Hoge, Commander of U.S. Army forces in Europe, and told him that with a little attention the Seventh Army's mediocre orchestra could be an excellent one. The result: 26 new men were transferred to fill out the orchestra, and last spring a new conductor, Sergeant Kenneth Schermerhorn, was chosen. Last May the orchestra started on its 1954 tour of camps and civilian halls with its morale the highest and its playing the best ever.

Bird Sanctuary. The average age of the symphony's 65 players is 22. Conductor Schermerhorn himself is a fairly typical member of the orchestra: he is 24, comes from Schenectady, studied at the New England Conservatory of Music and Tanglewood, has played trumpet in Boston and Kansas City orchestras.

The orchestra generally tours for two weeks at a time, then returns to Stuttgart in its two buses and 6 by 6 truck "to take the dents out of our instruments." The players carry their own music racks and chairs wherever they go, pay for instrument repairs and similar incidentals out of their own pockets. "The hardest job is to convince people that we're a symphony orchestra and not a band," explains the orchestra's advance man, Sergeant Regis Cronauer. "At one post they wanted us to play in an abandoned hangar that had become a bird sanctuary."

The men of the Seventh Army Symphony are required to perform no Army duties "except to wear the uniform properly," and except for their own tubas, trumpets and trombones they hear few commanding tones from the brass. In return, the experiment has more than paid off in prestige and honor for the U.S. occupation forces. "We're expected to produce good music," says Conductor Schermerhorn confidently, "and we do."

* The others in the U.S. armed forces: Air Force and Marine Symphonies in Washington.

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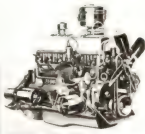
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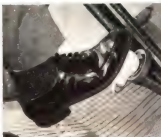
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SCIENCE

Powerful Invader

At the American Physical Society Convention in Seattle last week, Dr. Marcel Schein of the University of Chicago had news to make even a sensation-jaded physicist draw a sharp breath. Last winter, he reported, he and his assistants tied a pack of photographic plates to a balloon, sent them up to 100,000 ft. over Texas to be exposed to the powerful primary cosmic rays that bombard the top of the atmosphere. Later, studying the plates in the laboratory, Dr. Schein got more and more excited as he followed a peculiar ray track through the pack. The track was a bundle of slim Vs made by pairs of negative and positive electrons and there was no trace of larger charged particles (e.g., protons) usually present. His cautious conclusion: "something" had hit the film pack with the unheard-of energy of 10 million billion electron-volts.

This was energy of a wholly different magnitude from any ever observed in atomic particles—more than 1,500,000 times the energy of the particles shot out by the University of California's powerful bevatron, and 50 million times the energy of a splitting uranium atom in an A-bomb. The "something" Physicist Schein thought, was most probably an illusive particle called an anti-proton (negative proton), which theoretical physicists have long guessed about, but never observed. He believes that it hit an ordinary proton in the aluminum wrapping of the film pack and annihilated not only itself but the earthly matter in its target as well, turning all of their mass into energy. The peculiar track was made by enormously powerful gamma rays that created electron-positron pairs as they streaked away from the site of the collision.

Like most careful physicists, Dr. Schein does not like to speculate about the possible origin of anti-protons. It is quite possible, says he, that remote stars may be made of "reversed matter," whose atoms have negative anti-protons in their nuclei and positrons (positive electrons) revolving around them. There would be no way to tell: the reversed matter would send out the same kind of light as ordinary matter. It would behave itself normally as long as it stayed at home. But if



PHYSICIST SCHEIN
Over Texas, mutual annihilation.

particles from an anti-proton star should wander into a region, like the earth's atmosphere, where the other kind of matter abounds, they would not live to tell the tale except in gamma rays.

Stoa of Rockefeller

The agora of ancient Athens was the nearest thing to the birthplace of Western civilization. Primarily a market place, it served as university, town meeting, news and gossip center, gathering place for poets, artists and philosophers. For years archaeologists of the American School of Classical Studies have been excavating at the site of the agora, removing some ten feet of dirt. Last week they were busy restoring the Stoa of Attalus, one of the agora's main buildings.

The Stoa, a long, two-story promenade of white marble, was given to Athens by Attalus II, King of Pergamum (159-138 B.C.). On the second floor were 42 small shops, presumably serving the Athenian carriage trade. The ground floor behind the row of tall columns was a social and cultural center, where poets, philosophers and politicians met. With the help of about \$1,000,000 of Rockefeller money

matched by a like amount from other U.S. sources, the restorers are gathering the surviving stones. They are sure that they know enough to duplicate accurately almost the entire building.

The philosophers and poets are gone, and the 42 little shops will never again sell the subtle art work of the classical age. But by approximately 1057, visitors to Athens may stroll under the columns and imagine what the place was like when the Apostle Paul, who also strolled in the Stoa, chided the lively Athenians for spending "their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing."

Computomat

Electronic computers are rapidly becoming the oracles of industry. As machines and processes become more complex, problems can become too involved for quick solution by old methods and too vital for trial-and-error testing. Designing a new product—an electronic tube, for instance—may call for thousands of lengthy calculations. Often a computer can polish the whole thing off in a couple of minutes.

But computers are expensive, and they require specialized mathematicians to feed their problems to them. To make their talents more easily available, Electronics Associates, Inc. of Long Branch, N.J., this week opened a "computer center" at Princeton. The building is a large stone house built in 1947 by two well-heeled Philadelphia sisters to house a 12 ft. by 14 ft. copy of Rembrandt's *Night Watch*. Now the Rembrandt is gone, and the house is stuffed with electronic brains and their human servitors, all available to customers on something akin to a help-yourself automat basis.

Graphic Answer. The main unit, a large analogue computer, is rigged so that it can handle a great variety of jobs. If a client has mathematicians of his own, he can take home a "patch panel"; a metal rectangle containing hundreds of small, marked holes. By connecting the proper holes with plug-in wires, he translates his problem into language that the computer can understand. When the panel is inserted in the Princeton machine, the computer gets to work at once; numbers flash rapidly across a glass screen, and spidery arms push electronic pens up the peaks and down into the valleys of a long graph. A correct reading of the graph tells the answer.



REMAINS OF ATHENS' STOA & SKETCH OF PROJECTED RESTORATION
Philosophy went out with the carriage trade.

Allen Frantz: American School of Classical Studies

Some of the problems take hours or days, and the client is charged (at \$100 an hour) by how long he ties up the computer. If he lacks mathematicians, he may bring his problem to the center, where he can hire consultants to translate it into computer language.

Speed Test. First client of the center was Westinghouse Electric Corp., and its problem was how to design a new kind of transformer. The customary method is to build an experimental model and see how it works when parts of its design are changed slightly. This would cost, Westinghouse figures, about \$15,000. The computer can do the same job estimating the effects of different kinds of coils, metals and insulating material for about \$4,000.

Most of the industrial answers are highly technical, having to do with aeronautical, chemical or electronic engineering. But they can be as down-to-earth as a speed test on next year's automobile design or a weight test on a design for a suspension bridge. A large soap company is currently making a market survey. When all the data is assembled, it will be reduced to formulas punched into a patch panel and fed to the computer. From the result the soap company hopes to discover which of its products are likely to find a future market and which ones it should plan to drop.

Radio Sextant

When Physicist K. G. Jansky of Bell Laboratories discovered in 1932 that he could pick up radio waves from objects in space, he founded the exciting science of radio astronomy. As the sailors of antiquity had made the most of ancient astronomical findings, the U.S. Navy began studying radio astronomy to see whether a celestial radio signal might be something to steer by. Recently, the Naval Research Laboratory, working with the Collins Radio Co. of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, revealed some details of a radio sextant that can navigate ships by radio waves from space.

The "eye" of the radio sextant, according to Radio-Astronomer Fred Haddock of NRL, is a dish-shaped antenna only three feet in diameter. When the receiver is switched on, it readily picks up the radio waves that come from the sun, and automatically turns to a point in the sun's direction. Then it "locks on," tracking the sun as long as it is above the horizon. The ship's navigator can find his position just as if he had an assistant watching the sun through an ordinary optical sextant. No cloudy weather gets in the way of the radio sextant, nor can an enemy jam the radio impulses (as is possible with other radio aids to navigation, such as Loran).

The sun, of course, is not around at night, but Haddock believes that mariners may eventually be able to steer by the mysterious "radio stars" that shine only in radio frequencies (TIME, June 21). Their waves are much weaker than the sun's, so a bigger antenna will probably be necessary. If navigation equipment can, indeed, be devised to track the radio stars, a ship will never again need be lost in a stormy night.



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EDUCATION

The Voice

If ever the nation gets a chance to hear the voice of the U.S. public-school teacher, it seldom hears it so clearly as when the powerful (\$61,708 members) National Education Association holds its annual convention. Last week, as some 20,000 teachers and administrators wound up their N.E.A. convention business in Manhattan, they did so with the well-earned satisfaction of having given the country a piece of their mind.

In sessions at Madison Square Garden and in meetings at midtown hotels, they talked about everything from juvenile delinquency to audio-visual aids. They elected a sprightly new president—Miss Waurine Walker of the Texas Education Agency—heard such notables as Mayor Robert Wagner and U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld. But for the most part, the effect of the convention was to remind the public once again that it was far from performing its proper duty towards the public schools.

Increase Expected. The physical condition of U.S. schools, reported N.E.A.'s Executive Secretary William Carr, is "steadily worsening." There is a shortage of at least 125,000 new teachers a year, and the problem of overcrowding has reached such proportions that "a million children will be on half-day next year. . . . And the end," continued Carr, "is not yet. We must expect an increase of about one and a quarter million children each year for the next decade. This calls for a new classroom every 15 minutes, day and night, for 365 days a year. . . . Thousands of children go to school day after day in unsuitable and dangerous buildings, are taught by underpaid and undertrained teachers on half-time shifts."

If all that were not enough, said Superintendent Martin Essex of Lakewood, Ohio, teachers are being frightened into a "sterile education." After questioning 522 other superintendents for a special report, Essex found a growing fear of such subjects as religion, sex education, Communism, "socialized" medicine and UNESCO. "The American teacher has voluntarily censored herself. This is out of fear of reprisals. . . . It's not bad to be afraid, but to accept it as normal is dangerous."

Retreat Denied. Rightly or wrongly, a group of N.E.A.'s teachers also made it obvi- that they had little patience with such critics as Historian Arthur (Educational Wastelands) Bester and Albert (Quackery in the Public Schools) Lynd. In one convention session, John K. Norton of Columbia's Teachers College apparently spoke for the majority when he lashed back at those who believe that the "new education" is leading the nation into an intellectual retreat. "I make no apology," said he, "for bringing interest into educational method. . . . I also offer no apology for the belief that modern education should have purposes which take ac-



N.E.A.'s PRESIDENT WALKER
Crowded years ahead.

count of social as well as individual needs."

Having stated their complaints, the teachers proceeded to state some positions. Among the convention's major resolutions:

1. Federal aid to the various states to raise teachers' salaries.

2. A record salary scale of \$4,000 for beginners with a bachelor's degree, at least \$9,000 for experienced (over 15 years) teachers with a master's.

3. Support of the U.S. Supreme Court's decision to outlaw segregation in the public schools.

4. Condemnation of "those who advocate book burnings, purges, or other devices which are, in effect, an expression of lack of confidence in the integrity, loyalty, and good judgment of the American people."

Two-Edged Weapon

Few congressional investigations have proved to be quite such a fiasco as the House Special Committee's inquiry into tax-free foundations. Right from the start, through quotations out of context and broad innuendo, the committee's research staff tried to prove that the foundations have been vaguely un-American. Then, just as the foundations began their own defense, Chairman Brazilia Carroll Reece of Tennessee joined his fellow Republicans in abruptly voting to end public hearings: the foundations were invited to reply in written statements.

This week President Charles Dillard of the \$178-million Carnegie Corporation of New York obliged with a statement that was a basic lesson on the spirit of free inquiry.

Enterprise or Ideas. "Philanthropy is an American habit," he wrote. "and the modern foundation is an American invention." Its aims: "To make human beings healthier, happier, wiser, more conscious



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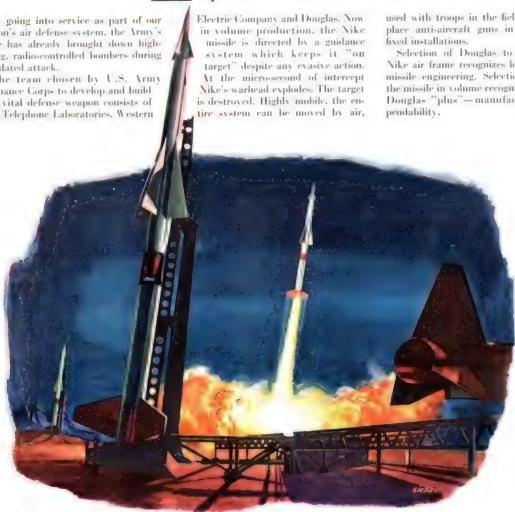
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of the rich possibilities of human existence and more capable of realizing them . . . " It is true that a foundation must exercise careful judgment in selecting the studies and scholars it wishes to support. But having done so, it must treat the doctrine of the free enterprise of ideas as inviolate. In its 43 years, Dollard continued, the Carnegie Corporation (which has spent \$253 million to improve public libraries, educational standards, etc.) has never wavered from that principle.

"It is extremely important for the American tradition of free inquiry that this principle of non-interference be maintained," wrote Dollard. "At the same time, it must be recognized that such non-interference involves consequences for the foundation . . . It means that things occasionally will be done and said under foundation grants which are repugnant to the foundation itself. But, always and everywhere, this is the price one pays for freedom . . . If you leave a scholar . . . free to find the right answer, you have also left him free to find the wrong answer. The history of our nation provides abundant evidence that free men will find right answers more often than wrong . . . Nobody yet has discovered a better way of insuring the victory of truth over error than free speech."

Suggested Caution. Indeed, said Dollard, the Congress itself would do well to follow the foundations' lead. "Just as the foundations must be extremely scrupulous, so also must be the Government in not telling the scholar what to think . . . We must be exceedingly careful not to formulate the doctrine that . . . tax exemption permits either the executive or the legislative branch of the Government to control the thinking of [our] institutions."

"Although medical schools and teaching hospitals are tax-exempt, surely no one would think it his right to tell the cancer specialist how he should go about curing cancer . . . In short, the doctrine that tax exemption justifies a political judgment as to the soundness of ideas can be a very dangerous two-edged weapon. Indeed it can be the most devastating weapon ever invented for invading the private life of this nation . . ."

"The Smartest in Dixie"

After a good deal of searching, a special committee of Louisiana legislators finally hit upon its own scheme for reversing the U.S. Supreme Court's decision against segregation in the public schools. The question of segregation, argued the committee, has nothing really to do with race at all. It is merely a way of promoting the "public health, morals, better education and the peace and good order in the state—and not because of race." Any attempt to end segregation, therefore, would be a violation of the state police power—and the Supreme Court did not even mention that. Last week, as Louisiana's house and senate passed bills dropping public-school segregation into the police-power category, one legislator sized up the sleazy plan for all: "The smartest in Dixie."

TIME, JULY 19, 1954

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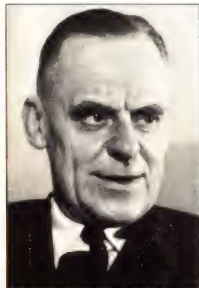
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Santa Fe

Catholics Barred

A pastoral letter from a Roman Catholic cardinal kicked up a flurry of feeling last week over the sensitive subject of Protestant-Catholic relations. Chicago's Cardinal Archbishop, Samuel Stritch, 66, sent out a carefully worded communication to all Roman Catholic churches in Illinois. Its gist: Catholics should not participate, even as observers, in the Assembly of the World Council of Churches at Evanston, Ill., Aug. 15-31.

"There are men outside the church," wrote the cardinal, "professing the Christian name, who deplore the divisions which exist among them. They talk about setting up and establishing a Christian unity, or, as they sometimes say, a unity



Walter Bennett
SECRETARY VISSER 't HOOFT
The gulf yawns wide.

of Christian action . . . They gather in international organizations; they hold congresses, conventions and assemblies . . .

"The Catholic Church does not . . . enter into any organization in which the delegates of many sects sit down in council or conference as equals to discuss the nature of the Church of Christ or the nature of her unity . . . or to formulate a program of united Christian action. She does not allow her children to engage in any activity . . . based on the false assumption that Roman Catholics, too, are still searching for the truth of Christ."

"Negative & Defensive." The cardinal's letter raised some Protestant eyebrows. It seemed to leaders of the World Council to be a reversal of earlier positions assumed by European Catholics and the Vatican itself. "For the absence of a bitter or aggressive spirit from the [cardinal's] letter, we may all be thankful," said World Council Secretary W. A. Visser 't Hooft in a prepared reply. But he ex-

pressed surprise that Stritch had not referred "to the official instruction issued by the Vatican on Dec. 20, 1949, which . . . left the door open for certain conversations between Roman Catholics and non-Roman Catholics . . . in ecumenical gatherings, if the necessary ecclesiastical authorization had been given." Catholics themselves, said Visser 't Hooft, had hailed the Vatican directive as an opportunity for the church "to depart from a negative and defensive position . . . It was on the basis of this instruction from the Vatican that a small group of Roman Catholic observers . . . attended the World Council's Faith and Order Conference in Lund, Sweden, in 1952."

A Step Backward. From Editor Peter Day of the high Episcopal weekly, the *Living Church*, came a tarter comment: "It is unfortunate that the Roman Catholic hierarchy of the U.S. is so exceedingly gingerly about contacts with their fellow Christians." More outspoken was the *Christian Century*, which this week discussed the Stritch letter in an editorial titled "The Gulf."

"This pastoral letter . . . is a document of great importance . . . We do not recall another Roman Church document addressed primarily to Americans which equals this in its aggressive declaration of the papal claims," said the *Century*. Perhaps, it added, it indicates that the Vatican is beginning to "view with alarm the growing strength of the ecumenical movement. There was no such cracking of the disciplinary whip at the time of the Amsterdam Assembly [1948] . . . The Roman Catholic Bishop of Geneva went out of his way to express his good will . . . and the Catholic bishops in Holland approved prayers for its success . . .

"For those American Roman Catholics who have looked toward Evanston as an opportunity to increase understanding and good will between the various branches of Christendom, Cardinal Stritch's letter will have almost as shattering an effect as Leo XIII's letter on the blight of 'Americanism' had on liberal tendencies in American Roman Catholic circles in the 1890s . . . Dramatic emphasis will be given to the fact that there is a great gulf fixed between the papal church and all other churches. And the world will be told that this gulf yawns wide and deep because of the 'infallible' teaching of the Roman communion."

"The Easiest to Love"

Comely, amber-eyed Phyllis McGinley is a suburban housewife and mother whose lively curiosity and needle-pointed mind produce some of the most wryly pleasant light verse now being written. *New Yorker* readers have delighted for 20 years in the stings of her short barbs, sharpened on the complexities of modern living. She has published six books of poetry (the last, in 1951, an unabashed panegyric to suburbia called *A Short Walk From the Station*) and eight books for children.

She has written the lyrics for a Broadway revue, *Small Wonder*, and the continuity for a classic movie, *The Emperor's Nightingale*. She has been a copywriter for an advertising agency and an editor of *Town and Country*.

A full-time wife (of a New York Telephone Co. executive) who has raised two teen-age daughters, Phyllis McGinley was born 49 years ago in Ontario, Ore., grew up in those parts of the West where there were "bucking bronco contests every Sunday instead of baseball," came East fresh out of college (University of Utah, University of California), after selling a few poems to New York magazines.

A few years ago, Poet McGinley began to dip into history ("I have a theory," she says, "that people cannot appreciate history until they reach 40"). As she read, she encountered saints and their works. Though raised a Roman Catholic, she



Poet McGinley
History begins at 40.

knew little about them and began to read more and more until, she says, "like everyone else who reads about the saints, I fell madly in love with them."

The result of Phyllis McGinley's love affair was a series of deft verses on some of the saints (see opposite page), which she titled "Saints Without Tears" and assembled as a section in her forthcoming book, *The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley* (Viking). Poet McGinley is happily boning up on more of the saints, hopes eventually to produce a full book of poems about them.

"Everyone loves a hero, and the saints are the best heroes of all," she explains. "They are geniuses . . . they have enormous charm and complete selflessness. So they are the easiest to love. I think there will be a great many of them in this century. Saints always crop up in times of trouble and crisis and heresy, and this is a period of the greatest heresy the world has ever known."

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY'S SAINTS WITHOUT TEARS

THE TEMPTATIONS OF SAINT ANTHONY

Off in the wilderness bare and level,
Anthony wrestled with the Devil.
Once he'd beaten the Devil down,
Anthony'd turn his eyes toward town
And leave his hermitage now and then
To come to grips with the souls of men.

Afterwards, all the tales agree,
Wrestling the Devil seemed to be
Quite a relief to Anthony.

THE THUNDERER

God's angry man, His crotchety
scholar
Was Saint Jerome,
The great name-caller
Who cared not a dime
For the laws of libel
And in his spare time
Translated the Bible.
Quick to disparage
All arts but learning,
Jerome liked marriage
Better than burning
But didn't like woman's
Painted cheeks;
Didn't like Romans,
Didn't like Greeks,
Hated Pagans
For their Pagan ways,
Yet doted on Cicero all his days.

A born reformer, cross and gifted,
He scolded mankind
Stern than Swift did;
Worked to save
The world from the heathen;
Fled to a cave
For peace to breathe in,
Promptly *uberewith*
For miles around
He filled the air with
Fury and sound.
In a mighty prose,
For mighty ends,
He thrust at his foes,
Quarreled with his friends,
And served his Master
Though with complaint.
He wasn't a plaster sort of saint.

But he swelled men's minds
With a Christian leaven.
It takes all kinds
To make a heaven.

LESSON FOR BEGINNERS

Martin of Tours,
When he earned his shilling
Trooping the flag
Of the Roman Guard
Came on a poor
Aching and chilling
Beggar in rags
By the barracks yard.

Blind to his lack,
The Guard went riding.
But Martin a moment
Paused and drew
The coat from his back,
His sword from hiding,
And sabered his raiment
Into two.

Now some who muse
On the allegory
Affect to find
It a pious joke;
To the beggar what use,
For Martin what glory
In deed half-kind
And part of a cloak?

Still, it has charm
And a point worth seizing.
For all who move
In the mortal sun
Know half-way warm
Is better than freezing
As half a love
Is better than none.

MOTHER OF THE SAINT

Gossiping in Siena's square,
The housewife, Lapa, used to say,
"My Catherine has yellow hair
Like the True Princess in the play.
Sure as it's June that follows May,
Our Kate was born to be a belle.
The girl's a clever one, and gay,
I plan for her to marry well."

Lapa had hopes, would not despair.
"The young ones always fast and pray,
A season," Lapa would declare.
"This holy nonsense does not stay."
Though all Siena thronged to pay
Homage to Catherine in her cell,
Stubbornly Lapa bragged away,
"I plan for her to marry well."

They pressed from nations everywhere,
Poet, prince, prelate, common clay,
To gaze at genius. On the stair,
Their feet were clamorous night and day.
She saw the very Pope obey
The summons Catherine scarce could spell
And muttered, "What's a slight delay?
I plan for her to marry well."

Still muttered as the world turned gray,
"How pretty her hair was! Who could tell
That things would go so far astray?
I planned for her to marry well."

CONVERSATION IN AVILA

Teresa was God's familiar. She often spoke
To Him informally,
As if together they shared some heavenly joke.
Once, watching stormily
Her heart's ambitions wither to odds and ends,
With all to start anew,
She cried, "If this is the way You treat Your friends,
No wonder You have so few!"

There is no perfect record standing by
Of God's reply.

SONNET FROM ASSISI

Blind Francis, waiting to welcome Sister Death,
Worn though he was by ecstasies and fame,
Had heart for tune. With what remained of breath
He led his friars in canticles.

Then came
Brother Elias, scowling, to his side,
Small-souled Elias, crying by book and candle
This was outrageous! Had the monks no pride?
Music at deathbeds! Ah, the shame, the scandal!

Elias gave him sermons and advice
Instead of song, which simply proves once more
What things are sure this side of paradise:
Death, taxes, and the counsel of the bore.
Though we outwit the tithes, make death our friend,
Bores we have with us even to the end.

From The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley, Viking Press; Copyright 1954 by Phyllis McGinley

SPORT

The Dawdlers

*Buy me some peanuts and crackerjack.
I don't care if I never get back.
—from Take Me Out to the Ball Game*

The modern baseball fan has good reason to change the words of the old song to "I don't know if I'll ever get back." In growing bigger, big-league baseball has also grown painfully slower as pitchers outwait batters, batters outwait pitchers, managers perform for TV, and umpires examine the ball, the plate and the terrain for dangerous specks of dust.

Stopwatches in hand, a team of timers from *Parade* magazine attended a recent game between the Milwaukee Braves and

The Bushes

Baseball, as played on the manicured, moneyed diamonds of the major leagues, is not generally considered a dangerous sport. But on the seedy ball fields of the bush leagues, the hazards of the game have always been considerable. Bush-leaguers get poisoned by carbon monoxide in the line of duty (while riding ancient buses between towns), break ribs and ankles with alarming frequency in outfield pot-holes, sometimes have to cadge money for food. Nowadays a fan might even get up one morning and find that his team has vanished altogether. Said Sam Bray, insurance salesman and owner of Tennessee's Kingsport Cherokees: "Every year

day for meals, must sleep two to a bed (one gets the mattress and floor, one the boxsprings and bedstead). But to attract customers, Sam has given away \$1,000 bills at his park, once piled \$1,200 in small change on home plate and let a fan take home as much of it as he could carry.

A month ago, disgusted because his team was in last place, Sam told a local sportswriter that he would give away the club and \$3,000 to anybody who would keep the Cherokees in Kingsport. Sam was half-joking, but when the Associated Press sent the story around the country, Bray got 100 phone calls and 160 letters—not a single offer from Kingsport, though. But the publicity did wonders. Attendance soared (Sam needs 500 cash customers at every home game to break even), and his ballplayers got so mad at the insult that within a week the Cherokees ran up an eight-game winning streak. Soon they were in third place. Last week, after Lexington's departure, they were back in the cellar. Said Bray: "Every time we get on top of somebody, they quit."

Language Lesson. Nevertheless Bray is delighted with his rejuvenated team. Two of the Cherokees are oldtimers, Leo ("Muscles") Shoals, 38, and Nap Reyes, 35, the wartime N.Y. Giant who made headlines by jumping to the Mexican League in 1946. The other 14 on the roster are under 24, and six of them are Cubans who speak almost no English. The high-spirited Cubans used to heckle the league umpires vigorously in Spanish. But the umpires got wise, got a list of Spanish cuss words and, thus armed, one day sent all the Cubans to the showers.

Shoals gets \$500 a month to play first base and manage the team. Reyes makes \$275 a third. Many a Kingsport fan comes out to the ball game just to see Reyes lumber up to the plate, shift his cud of tobacco, wag his massive hind-quarters at the crowd and growl at the catcher. The crowd likes the volatile Cubans, too: sometimes one of them steals a base, not because the situation warrants it, but simply because he is in the mood. Five of the seven Cubans are Negroes, and although the Cherokees themselves are a friendly crowd, the Negroes often run into trouble on the road in hotels and restaurants and at the hands of some Southern fans. But the Cubans take it, apparently lumping such racial insults with the universal discomforts of the minors—the cold showers, cheap food, low pay and the rickety old bus the team travels in.

Riding the Blue Goose. More than anything else, the converted school bus is the symbol of the bush leagues. The Cherokees call theirs the "Blue Goose," and it quivers like a gelatine salad over 50 m.p.h. There is one steep climb on the way to Harlan, Ky. that the bus can make only by backing uphill, and often the Blue Goose runs out of gas when the gauge reads full and the players have to push her into the next town.

Owner Bray figures that if he does not cut corners sharply, the alternative is to fold up the club. He is not impressed by bush-league owners who operate with a



C. R. Clough

KINGSPORT CHEROKEES

Cold showers, broken ribs and a gelatine salad.

the Brooklyn Dodgers to find out where the time goes. The game proved to be the shortest played at Ebbets Field in two years—one hour, 51 minutes⁹—but the ball was actually in play only 18 minutes 34.7 seconds of that time. Here is how many of the other 92 minutes were spent:

Pitcher Don Newcombe used the rosin bag 28 times, dawdling 2 to 18.1 seconds each time, and talked with Catcher Roy Campanella as long as 45 seconds at a huddle.

Batters used up to twelve seconds each time they stepped out of the box.

Umpire "Dusty" Buggess swept off home plate 21 times, using 2 to 5.5 seconds for each sweeping.

Changing sides every half-inning took up 21 minutes, 15.4 seconds.

Two minutes' 32.3 seconds went for a rhuhrh at third base.

now a crowd of minor leagues folds up. But this is the worst year in history."

And Then There Were Four. Owner Bray, a sad, gentle man, knows what he is talking about. In 1949 there were 59 recognized minor leagues and today there are only 35; most of the 250-odd baseball clubs playing in them are in financial trouble. Radio and TV have drastically thinned out the paying fans. This year several teams already have folded. By next season five of the leagues now operating will probably be gone.

Sam Bray's Cherokees are in an economic position to last out the season, but the Class C Mountain States League, to which they belong, is bordering on collapse. At a meeting last week the poverty-stricken Lexington Colts were voted out of the league. That left just four teams competing of the eight that began the season.

To keep the Cherokees on the base paths, Bray has combined pinch-penny management with showmanship. On the road, his players are allowed only \$2.50 a

⁹ Shortest minor-league game on record took place Sept. 26, 1939 when the Giants beat the Phillies not in 91 minutes.



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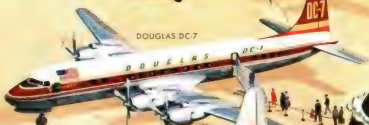
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more lavish hand. "They're going after this thing like they were major-leaguers—chartering big buses, staying in good hotels, hiring a lot of help," says he. "Hell, all we're trying to do is sneak by."

Gift of Gab

Five years ago Professional Wrestler Ralph ("Wild Red") Berry was injured in the ring and had to spend months in a hospital. To while away the time he read a few books—the Bible, Plato, Aristotle and Kant, he says. Last week in Chattanooga, Wild Red was wrestling again. With his newfound literary knowledge Berry had devised a gruesome new feature for an already gruesome sport—the tongue hold.

Said Red of his prospective opponents: "Let these hams primp their feathers and strut their plumes. I will proceed to maltreat and obliterate them. I will turn loose such terrific voltage and velocity and elliptical trajectory that when it lands on the cleft of the chin it will tear loose their medulla oblongata from the pericranium, cure them of chronic dandruff and knock out four of their impacted wisdom teeth."

Whereupon Wild Red went into the ring and was promptly disqualified by the referee for refusing to break a hold when ordered. Wild Red took a deep breath and applied his new hold to those in the audience who disapproved of his tactics: "Some of those abusive, obstreperous, pernicious rumormongers who have sought to smear, besmirch and destroy my reputation will never be able to take away my spirit of optimism, because I will always be a ray of sunshine, a creator of gladness and master of myself. I have been a successful champion wrestler because I'm brave as a lion, strong as a mule, tough as a pine knot and sharp as a razor." He added: "I have the gift of gab."

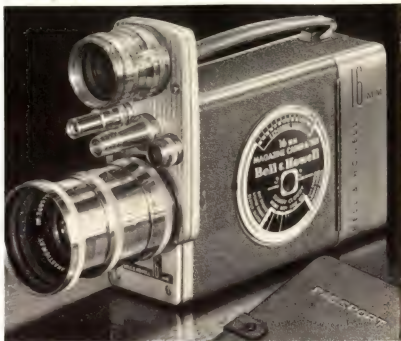
Scoreboard

❑ At Rheims, France, German Mercedes-Benzes entered the 500-kilometer Grand Prix de France road race for the first time since World War II and won first and second places, ahead of an Italian Ferrari. The winning driver: Argentina's Juan Manuel Fangio, now leading contender for the 1954 Grand Prix championship. His time: 2:42:47.9.

❑ At Southport, England, Australia's Peter Thomson, 24, became the youngest winner of the British Open golf tournament since Bobby Jones won at the same age in 1926. Thomson's 283 was just one stroke under Runners-up Bobby Locke, Syd Scott and Dai Rees, all bunched at 284. Closest American was Jim Turnesa, who tied for fifth with a 286.

❑ In Chicago, just 18 years after his major-league debut, Cleveland's Bob Feller scored his 2,511th strikeout, firmly fixing himself in third place in the all-time strikeout standings. Only Walter Johnson of the Washington Senators (3,497) and Cy Young (2,836), who played for Cleveland, St. Louis and Boston, struck out more men. In fourth place, behind Rapid Robert: the great Christy Matthewson, with 2,499.

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Inside Elmer

In Chicago, Elmer the Elephant is a pretty important TV personality. Elmer is a sort of Howdah Doody, but he is also only a bag of cloth until somebody gets inside to manipulate him into action. He was doing all right, too, until NBC decided to insert an actor in Elmer instead of a stagehand. The stagehands charged that NBC was unfair. Says William Rodriguez, attorney for Local 2, International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees: "For 100 years the stagehands have done the type of thing that is represented by Elmer the Elephant... And now these folks [The American Federation of Television and Radio Artists] come along..."

The disputants turned to the National Labor Relations Board for a ruling (TIME, May 3). Last week came the decision: NBC is perfectly within its rights to assign an actor to Elmer, and violates no NLRB statutes.

New Show

The Marriage (Thurs. 10 p.m., NBC-TV) is a literate, family-situation comedy starring Broadway's talented Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. Written by Radio Scriptwriter Ernest Kinoy, the new series looks like a transmutation of Jan de Hartog's Broadway hit *The Fourposter*, in which the same couple appeared (TIME, Nov. 5, 1951), but lacks much of the deftness of that comical production. One reason is that the first script has too much of the radio style about its dialogue, and not enough TV appeal. The few good visual touches that are used are ably exploited by Actor Cronyn. Example: visiting the local grade school on P.T.A. night, he first raises his eyebrows at a youngster's note on one blackboard—"Amy Hauser stinks": a moment later he does a double-take at a second blackboard, which reads: "Amy Hauser stinks on ice": finally he shrugs hopelessly when he discovers the secret truth of it all, on the underside of a desk top: "I love Amy Hauser."

Cautious Progress

Everybody talks a good deal about educational TV, but in the view of Federal Communication's Commissioner Robert E. Lee,* nobody seems to do much about it. More than two years have passed since the FCC set aside 243 tax-exempt channels for education, and 195 of them are still going begging. Is educational TV worth the long wait, or should the unused channels be thrown open to commercial use? By last week Lee's public statements had created enough of a stir to set educators to examining their TV records.

Actually, the educators have been cautious about TV with good reason. First of all, the initial cost (ranging from \$32,080 to \$754,100) and annual expense (\$25,000 to \$500,000) are high. Furthermore,



HUME CRONYN & JESSICA TANDY
Who loves Amy?

FCC has allotted only UHF (ultra high frequency) channels to education in many areas, and this means that set owners have to buy tuners costing about \$30 to receive the UHF transmissions. Nevertheless, last week six pioneer educational TV stations—four run by universities and two by cities—were on the air. If their progress has been slow, it has nonetheless been sure. Items:

¶ University of Houston started broadcasting more than a year ago over KUHT-TV (initial cost: \$350,000; annual operating budget: about \$110,000). It has put on sports programs, a university forum, general courses in literature and the arts, home nursing and psychology, claims a maximum audience of 15,000.

¶ The University of Southern California went on the air last November over UHF station KTTH (cost: \$175,000; annual operating budget: \$200,000), supported by funds from Oil Tycoon Allan Hancock, former USC board chairman. But with Hancock's abrupt resignation, KTTH may now have to continue on a "restricted-time basis." Surest sign of progress to date: the number of UHF sets in the Los Angeles area has jumped from 5,000 to 30,000.

¶ Michigan State College began operations last January with its UHF station WKAR-TV (initial cost: \$400,000; annual budget: \$175,000), located on the campus at East Lansing, and now claims an audience of 25,000. It broadcasts liberal-arts telecourses, sports events, a popular family farm program.

¶ The University of Wisconsin has been broadcasting only two hours a day for the past two months over experimental

* No kin.

WHA-TV (initial cost: \$175,000). In November, Wisconsin voters will be asked in a referendum: "Shall the state . . . provide a tax-supported, noncommercial educational-television network?" WHA-TV has been working hard to make the answer yes. Its bill of fare: a bedtime-story series for children, language lessons, courses in geology, art appreciation, civics.

¶ Pittsburgh entered the field April 1 over the community-run WQED (initial cost: \$275,000; annual budget: \$250,000), which is supervised by a nine-man board of businessmen and educators under President Leland Hazard of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. Sparked by Booster Hazard and Mayor David Lawrence, WQED is financed by foundation grants, gets transmission facilities from local commercial stations, helps defray its operating cost by selling \$2 subscriptions to its monthly magazine, *Program Preview* (circ. 75,000).

¶ In San Francisco, KQED-TV, which is supported by the community as well as foundations (initial cost: \$242,000; annual operating expense: \$125,000), has been merely broadcasting test patterns and a few experimental 30-minute evening programs since it went on the air last month, hopes soon to find the money for a daily 2½ hour schedule, equally divided between children's programs and courses for college and high-school.

The six stations already on the air are obviously only the beginning. So far, colleges, cities and foundations have spent or earmarked more than \$1½ million for educational TV, and 47 applications have been filed for the use of reserved channels. The University of North Carolina is going on the air in October. Thirty cities (including Denver, Boston, and Munford, Ala.) have received permission to start building stations. Chicago and St. Louis expect to put stations in operation by the end of the year, and Cincinnati is starting programs next week.

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, July 15, Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Doctor Sixgun (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., NBC). New western series about a gun-slinging doctor in the 1870s.

Adventures in Science (Sat. 3:15 p.m., CBS). Rutgers' Dr. Frederick Aldrich discusses the starfish.

Conversation (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). Clifton Fadiman leads a discussion on the arts.

The Telephone Hour (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC). Guest: Violinist Zino Francescatti.

TELEVISION

Horse Racing (Sat. 5:30 p.m., CBS). The Arlington Classic for three-year-olds. The purse: \$100,000.

That's My Boy (Sat. 10 p.m., CBS). Eddie Mayehoff as Jarrin' Jack Jackson, the all-America has-been.

Goodyear Television Playhouse (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). *Dear Harriet Heartthrob*, with Leora Dana.



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ART

Behind the Curtain

The exhibition of pre-World War I Picassos that opened last month in Paris was one of the delights of the season. The 49 paintings ranged from the Blue Period *Harlequin and His Companion* (1900) to cubist arrangements, such as *Violin and Glass* (1913), and included some of the finest works of the young Picasso. But last week, after the show had attracted capacity crowds since its opening, the whole affair was abruptly called off.

Thirty-seven of the paintings were on loan from the U.S.S.R., which had confiscated them at the time of the revolution. Many had belonged to an art-loving Moscow grain merchant named Serge Stechoukine. When the magnate's daughter Irene Stechoukine, who now lives in Paris, started legal proceedings to get back what she considers her rightful inheritance, the Iron Curtain clanged down. One day last week a little black truck sped up to the gallery door, loaded all the disputed Picassos aboard and whisked them off to the Soviet embassy. There, the paintings were back on Soviet soil, where Heireiss Stechoukine has no more chance of collecting than a Czarist bond holder.

Senhor Robin Hood

Everybody in Brazil knows about Francisco de Assis Chateaubriand Bandeira de Mello, or just plain "Chatô." To some, Chatô, a 63-year-old human tornado, is "a pirate from Paraíba" (his home state); to others he is the "only man in Brazil who gets things done." The boss of 28 newspapers, 19 radio stations, five magazines and two TV stations (*TIME*, June 8, 1953), Chatô has channeled his efforts into every field, from organizing free milk stations to setting up São Paulo's first art museum.

In seven years, Chatô has made São Paulo's Museum of Art one of the finest in the world. Among its treasures, it boasts two Titians, two El Grecos, four Goyas, four Manets, two Monets, seven Modiglianis, ten Toulouse-Lautrecs, eleven Renoirs, four Van Goghs, five Cézannes, two Gauguins, two Picassos and such masters as Bellini, Mantegna, Memling, Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens and Velázquez. Most of these possessions are a result of Chatô's winning way of putting the bite on other people for money.

Chatô's scheme, according to one donor: "He calls you on the telephone, bubbling over with enthusiasm about a new Cézanne or Modigliani he has just bought. Right away you know you're involved in this purchase somehow. Before the conversation is finished you find you've just donated the painting. I've always thought of Chatô as a kind of Brazilian Robin Hood. He robs the rich and gives it to the people."

Chatô does not count on civic pride alone. Both the newly rich, empire-building Paulistas and the established *grãfimos* (high society) have a finely developed



COLLECTOR CHATEAUBRIAND
People were mad, mad, mad.

sense of rivalry. When one contributor donates a painting, Chatô scurries around to the others to help them make sure they are not being outdone. He places donors' names conspicuously beneath the paintings, and hallyhoos their gifts through his newspaper chain. Coffee King Geremia Lunardelli is the donor of a Goya, a Manet, two Renoirs, a Rodin bronze, two Toulouse-Lautrecs, a Degas and a Cézanne; the Jafet family (iron) has come through with a Tintoretto, a Renoir and a Gobelin tapestry; Bank President (and former Ambassador to the U.S.) Walther Moreira Salles is donor of a Picasso, a Degas and a Modigliani; Sugar Magnate Fulvio Morganti is down for a Utrillo; Financier Adriano Seabra gave a Titian. In all, persuasive Chatô has roped in 381 donors, including nine banks, 38 industrial companies and São Paulo's Jockey Club.

Recently Chatô won Old World recog-

nition of his taste and good works with a showing of part of his collection in Paris, Brussels, Utrecht, Bern and London. Chatô himself was on hand for the sparkling opening at London's Tate Gallery. The show's 79 paintings (worth, says Chatô, about \$14 million) ranged from gilded early Italians through paintings by Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Rubens and Hals, and on into a luxurious display of French impressionists. Included for the first time were 33 brand-new purchases which had not even been seen in São Paulo. Centerpiece of the show: a fine Renoir, *Baigneuse au Griffon*, a nude against a background of muted brown.

At the opening, London's art critics were properly stunned by the beauty and opulence of the collection. Chatô himself was overwhelmed by the reception. He chatted with the guests, bounced out to a party, finally landed up at Claridge's in time for breakfast (chicken sandwiches, toast, marmalade) and did a little triumphal dance in his bare feet down the corridors of the hotel. Last week he was back in Brazil, with a stack of newspaper clippings. Crowded Chatô: "People were mad, mad, mad! They cried! They had never seen such a collection!" And the truth was that neither the Old World nor the New expected ever again to see such a collector as Chatô.

Venice v. the Vatican

Castig a disapproving eye on the vast roundup of contemporary art at the Venice Biennale (*TIME*, June 28), the Vatican's newspaper *L'Osservatore Romano* last week pronounced the whole show an "artistic debacle." Wrote the Vatican critic: "This is a demonstration of the breakdown of art in modern times. It is so bad that a mere wooden bowl becomes, in this exhibition, a piece of sculpture, while entanglements of wires are considered statues." But what riled the Vatican most were the few paintings dealing with sacred subjects, one of which showed Christ as a skeleton. "It is sad," the article concluded, "that in Catholic Venice, full of Christian beauty, works by presumably Christian artists would turn out to be an outrage to the dignity of Christian life."

PUBLIC FAVORITES (40)

THE Vale Art Gallery was the nation's first college art museum, founded in 1832 by Patriot-Painter John Trumbull to house his own canvases. Since then the gallery has grown steadily bigger and richer, and last year it added a strikingly modern, \$1,500,000 wing. But for generations the student favorite at the gallery has been a thoughtful, kind-looking lady who clutches a rabbit to her velvet bosom. The painting is attributed to Piero di Cosimo, and beautifully combines Piero's relaxed good cheer with the dressy formalism of his native Florence.

The rabbit in the picture accords with Piero's deep feeling for nature. Like Rousseau, he dreamed of a golden age when noble savages lived in harmony with the wilderness. The sophisticated Florentines of Piero's day found him increasingly strange. Giorgio Vasari coolly records that after Piero's death in 1521, "it appeared that he had lived the life of a brute rather than a man, as he had kept himself shut up and would not permit anyone to see him work. He would not allow his rooms to be swept, he ate when he felt hungry, and would never suffer the fruit trees of his garden to be pruned or trained . . . for he loved to see everything wild, saying that nature ought to be allowed to look after itself."



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH A RABBIT" ATTRIBUTED TO PIERO DI COSIMO



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THE PRESS

About McCarthy

Six months ago, editors of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain gave New York *World-Telegram* and *Sun* Staff Writer Frederick Woltman a tough assignment: get busy and appraise the works of Senator Joe McCarthy. Freddy Woltman, 49, was just the man for the job. Long acknowledged the No. 1 newspaper specialist on Reds, he has been exposing Communists since 1938, and, unlike many other anti-Communist writers, he was never a Communist himself. A hard-digging reporter, he backed his stories with solid documentation—e.g., he exposed Gerhart Eisler as the top Kremlin agent in the U.S. the day before the FBI picked Eisler up. For his articles "on the



Timothy Webster

REPORTER WOLTMAN

Punctures in a blown-up myth.

infiltration of Communists in the U.S.," Woltman won a Pulitzer Prize in 1947. This week the *World-Telegram* and other Scripps-Howard papers splashed Woltman's five-part series across their pages. His appraisal: McCarthy is "a major liability to the cause of anti-Communism."

By making it harder for real Communist-fighters to operate effectively, wrote Woltman, McCarthy has actually become an asset to Communism. "He has introduced a slam-bang, rabble-rousing, hit-and-run technique into the serious business of exposing the Communist conspiracy . . . and thereby disarranged . . . the detection of penetration and espionage . . . With Asia and West Europe threatened, he has distracted public opinion from the world's critical danger spots . . . Unless he has his way, he's willing to destroy the Eisenhower Administration at a time when it's grappling with a world crisis . . . Essentially he's no investigator. He's a headline-maker."

Johnny-Come-Lately, Woltman found that McCarthy makes headlines by "wild twisting of facts and near facts [which] repels authorities in the field." For his adversaries, McCarthy has a special technique that "consists of imputing [to them] treason, treasonable motives, plots and conspiracies . . . Those with whose decisions Mr. McCarthy disagrees are, in his book, in league with traitors." To prove his points, McCarthy has a "unique distortion technique: stating as facts a set of nonexistent circumstances, then repeating them as facts when challenged."

Woltman himself has known McCarthy since shortly after the Senator walked into the anti-Red arena in February 1950 with his Wheeling, W.Va. speech about 205 "Communists" in the State Department (later toned down to 57, then upgraded to 81). McCarthy was then a frequent visitor at Woltman's Washington hotel suite, and at one social gathering there in April 1950, a young woman asked the Senator: "Just how long ago did you discover Communism?" McCarthy's answer: "Two and a half months!"

By that time, Woltman recalled, twelve top U.S. Communists had been convicted. Gerhart Eisler had jumped his bail and fled the country, Alger Hiss had been convicted of perjury, and Klaus Fuchs had been arrested in Britain. Said Woltman: "Senator McCarthy, although he often took credit, had no hand in [these cases. His] knowledge and understanding of Communism were sparse." Nevertheless, McCarthy has been able to build up the myth that he has "stopped Communism in America."

Happy Headlines. To show that McCarthy "is still hammering out accusations of treason and espionage in Government . . . but . . . has come up with no proof," Woltman cited some of McCarthy's charges and investigations:

¶ In regard to the Central Intelligence Agency, the Senator told the press a year ago that a Communist Party member had access to CIA secrets, and commented darkly: "An extremely bad situation." Said Woltman: "Evidently it wasn't bad enough for Mr. McCarthy to do anything about it, but he did cash in on headlines."

¶ At Fort Monmouth, McCarthy held "press briefings" to give his own version of the secret testimony about "espionage" at closed, one-man hearings. But "when the time came to make good on the charges," said Woltman, "the Senator ducked out." McCarthy also took credit for the suspension of 35 employees, although the Army had been investigating these cases (actually 36) for months beforehand. Said Woltman: "All . . . denied the Communist charges. Not one invoked the Fifth Amendment . . . Not one has been dismissed. Fourteen have been reinstated, four with full clearances."

¶ In his controversy with the Army, said Woltman, McCarthy first "accused the Army of using his former unpaid aide, Private G. David Schine, as a 'hostage'

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to 'blackmail' him into dropping the Monmouth inquiry. Two days before the hearings opened, he shifted strategy. He contended that Assistant Defense Secretary H. Struve Hensel masterminded Army charges "against the Senator to ward off 'an inquiry into 'serious charges of misconduct and possible law violations' by Mr. Hensel in a wartime Navy deal. . . . Then the plot enlarged. The instigators had become Attorney General Herbert Brownell Jr., his chief deputy, William P. Rogers, and Sherman Adams, Assistant to the President. Further along . . . it was the Democrats who 'shoved' Secretary Stevens into the battle. . . . So Senator McCarthy had backed away completely from his original charges."

¶ In The Voice of America inquiry, McCarthy tried to prove mismanagement and possible sabotage mainly on the testimony of "an unhappy ex-assistant engineer" who had opposed Seattle as the location of one of two super-power radio transmitters designed to stop Russian jamming the VOA broadcasts. To prove McCarthy's point, Committee Counsel Roy Cohn talked on the phone to Dr. J. B. Wiesner, director of the electronics laboratory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who had helped pick the site, then Cohn told the committee that the scientist was now opposed to the Seattle location. Wiesner later told Woltman that Cohn had "misrepresented" his position, that he had never changed his mind about the Seattle site, and that "the sabotage charge was completely unfounded and ridiculous." Said Woltman: "By failing to present [this] vital testimony, Senator McCarthy could report mismanagement approaching sabotage. . . . And the world's two largest transmitters now lie useless in Government warehouses."

Swallows Come Home. Was there ever a time when McCarthy could have been stopped? Woltman thinks it would have been a simple matter for President Truman to have done so when McCarthy first sent him a well-publicized wire about the State Department's "55 card-holding Communists." Said Woltman: "In a very real sense, [McCarthy] was the creature of his adversaries. The Senator can thank President Truman, as much as anyone for his phenomenal rise. For the President ignored his wire. . . . Had he turned it over to the FBI for investigation, Mr. Truman would have taken the play away from Mr. McCarthy."

As a result, said Woltman, McCarthy has been able to exaggerate and confuse the entire issue of Communism. Said Woltman: "The fact is, there's nothing today like the Red climate in America of ten years ago. The public is alert to the Communist conspiracy. . . . The party-liner, who operated openly—and brazenly—in official circles in the 1930s, has disappeared. Communism has lost most of the intellectuals. . . . Yet Senator McCarthy continues to use the blunderbuss, firing in all directions at once. . . . By his excesses. . . his thumb-in-the-eye tactics McCarthy has completely befogged a major issue of the day."

Clean Sweep at Collier's

As boss of the troubled Crowell-Collier Publishing Co. for the last six months, President Paul C. Smith has spent much of his time prowling the editorial offices hunting for trouble spots. His findings: too many committees, too many echelons of command, too many memos, all of which stalled the kind of ideas that he feels make for successful magazines. Last week Paul Smith took a drastic step to streamline the company. Out went the publishers of Crowell-Collier's three magazines—*Collier's*, *American Magazine*, *Woman's Home Companion*. Into their jobs went President Smith himself with the title of editor-in-chief for all three.

Of the three ex-publishers, only William A. H. Birnie of *Woman's Home Companion* has a solid new job, will stay on as vice president and liaison man



EDITOR SMITH

Too much and not enough.

between Smith and his staffers. Edward Anthony of *Collier's*, who has been with the company 30 years, will remain a vice president but "without present duties." He will take a six-month vacation, then report back to Editor Smith for "possible reassignment." *American Magazine's* John W. McPherrin has been "relieved as publisher" and Smith has not yet made up his mind about another job.

By the shake-out, Smith hopes to make just a few people responsible for decisions. He thinks all three magazines suffer from "editorial anemia," lack ideas, drive and direction. He wants better written, better documented articles, and, for *Collier's*, fewer sensational science-fiction stories or what he calls "Space Cadetism." Finally, Smith wants to beef up his editorial pages. If all goes well, he hopes to cut losses this year to about a quarter of the \$4.2 million loss in 1953.

Woman's Home Companion is now just about breaking even, said Smith last week.

American shows a small profit, has gained a bit in advertising. The big trouble spot is still *Collier's*. In June, advertising lineage dropped 16% below June 1953, though the revenue loss was cut to 5.3% by a rate boost. The one bright spot is the fact that *Collier's* circulation is climbing. Smith has just announced another rate increase for next year based on a guaranteed circulation of 3,700,000 (v. 3,500,000 now), hopes that *Collier's* will hit the 4,000,000 mark in 1955.

Tale of an Upstairs Maid

Maryland McCormick, wife of the Chicago *Tribune's* Publisher Robert Rutherford McCormick and writer of a weekly column for the *Trib* and Washington's *Post* and *Times-Herald*, had what seemed like a stroke of bad luck. Laid up with bronchitis, she could not get around to scout up subjects for her column, passed the time talking to her upstairs maid, who has worked in the household for more than 30 years. The result was a lively column about Prime Minister Churchill, when he was the house guest of Anglophobe Colonel McCormick 25 years ago.

Churchill's entourage, the maid recalled, consisted of a male secretary and a valet-bodyguard. Since Churchill had a bad cold, the valet instructed the maid to get two dozen handkerchiefs, each a yard square and imported from the British Isles. Wrote the colonel's lady: "Churchill was really a demigod to this fellow . . . This cocky detective said that Mr. Churchill had the mind of the century and there was nothing that he did not know or could not understand."

Every day Churchill was up at 11, ate a large breakfast washed down with sherry, had a massage, started on Martinis at 1, and capped them with "a bounteous lunch" at 1:30, drank cocktails or sherry from 5 until dinner at 8, "lots of champagne at dinner," then brandy, and worked until 3 or 4 a.m. Wrote Columnist McCormick: "The colonel is a fair trencherman himself, but the Englishman's capacity amazed him."

Mrs. McCormick reflected that "much water has run over the dam since then. The colonel's ideas . . . are far different from those of his former guest . . . But are their ideas so far apart? If Churchill were in the service of our Government, would he not be called an isolationist?"

The Freeman Changes Hands

The *Freeman*, fortnightly opinion journal of the far right, has been going downhill ever since its founders fell out more than a year ago (*TIME*, Jan. 26, 1953). After hitting a peak of almost 22,000, circulation slipped, and a few weeks ago the *Freeman* was about ready to fold. Last week it had some fresh help. It was taken over by the Foundation for Economic Education, a nonprofit organization, which has turned it into a monthly. The magazine also had a new editor: Frank Chodorov, 67, director from 1936 to 1941 of the Henry George School of Social Science and author of *The Income Tax: Root of All Evil*.



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MEDICINE

Woe Is Mom

In a poll of 10,000 high-school students on their eating habits, the California Home Economics Association made a surprising discovery: a third of the teenagers often eat no breakfast. Reasons given by the students: not enough time, no breakfast ready, no one to eat with.

The association's nutrition experts meeting in San Francisco last week, agreed that the poll represented the most scathing indictment of the American Mom since Philip Wylie (in *Generation of Vipers*) held her over his hot temper and roasted her to a charred turn. The story behind the breakfastless children, the experts reported is that Mom is a slugabed who refuses to get up in time to scramble the eggs and percolate the coffee. Furthermore the survey showed, many teen-age girls are scared by diet-conscious mothers into skipping breakfast. Then, after the breakfastless daughter goes off to school, Mom rises late, stuffs herself and gets fatter day by day. The nutritionists' remedy: less eating, more cooking by mother.

Gain?

The men who wage war against cancer know that an individual battle won is but a short step in a long, hard fight, and that every seeming victory may prove a wasted effort. Nevertheless, research scientists at Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute last week proudly announced a victory that may mean great gains in a major sector: the search for a chemical cure for cancer.

Experimenting with animals, Sloan-Kettering researchers set out five years ago to find a chemical compound that would selectively attack types of cancer in the way that sulfa drugs attack streptococci or penicillin controls staphylococci. The results:

Without injury to healthy cells, new drug combinations have completely cured 67% of 2,866 rats and mice suffering from 46 different types of animal cancer.* Some compounds were especially effective. For the first time in history, a drug (triethylene melamine) cured 100% of the rats with one type of animal cancer; used against another type of cancer, the same compound was 95% effective. Other compounds cured 98% of one type of mouse leukemia ("blood cancer"), a disease that has been restrained but never cured in humans.

A chemical weapon against cancer has always been looked upon as ideal—such weapons as X ray or radium therapy work with an indiscriminating shotgun effect on growing tissues, healthy as well as diseased. (These techniques do not work when the disease is advanced and wide-

* Last week Dr. George E. Wakefield, a Chicago physician, reported in *Today's Health* that an estimated 25,000 cancers in humans (10% of the total) are cured each year in the U.S., using present techniques. Other estimates of cures have been more optimistic.



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spread.) But many authorities have held that chemicals, too, would prove hazardous. Sloan-Kettering's preliminary findings with rats and mice suggest that the hazard may be overcome, but the crucial test is still to come—the testing of these and other compounds on transplanted human cancers in rats and mice (TIME, April 20, 1953). The results so far, said the institute's director, Dr. Cornelius Rhoads, "justify the hope that further study may reveal compounds capable of achieving permanent cure in man."

Sleepy Talk

Doctors have usually been content to leave the subject of sleep to the poets, but now they are being forced to give it increasing attention because, in high-speed modern society, insomnia is leading to an alarming dependence on drugs.

At its annual meeting in Glasgow last week, the British Medical Association found the matter pressing enough to open its scientific session with a serious discussion of sleep and the lack of it. Physicians from far-flung Commonwealth countries as well as those from Britain proper squirmed in uncomfortable sleep-discouraging seats in garish Kelvin Hall and listened with never a wink or a nod to a panel of experts.

Sir Geoffrey Jefferson of Manchester, one of the world's top brain surgeons, faced up to the fundamental question of what is sleep, and had to admit that nobody really knows. But it is definitely not the same as unconsciousness; for man it appears to be a conditioned reflex.

Neurosurgeon Jefferson disposed of some medical fallacies, e.g., falling asleep has nothing to do with changes in syn-

* Sloan-Kettering's Dr. Kanematsu Suzuki.

apses⁹ in the nervous system, or a shortage of blood in the brain, or accumulation of lactic acid. Neither is there, as some used to think, a sleep center in the brain. Instead, Jefferson agreed with research which suggests that there exists a waking center within some nerve cells in the brain stem and basal ganglia called "reticular formations." Sleep comes when this waking center is deactivated, probably by enzymes. But how this happens is unknown.

Sir Geoffrey disposed of some popular fallacies as well. Examples:

¶ "There is no optimism period that each individual should sleep each night"—the traditional eight hours is a baseless fetish and there is no physiological reason why the sleep must be taken in one shift without interruptions.

¶ The mother who sleeps through the roar of an airplane overhead but leaps up at the first little whimper from her baby is not necessarily sleeping less soundly or restfully than her husband. Impulses from the higher brain centers are "fired back" to the waking center, and the mother has conditioned herself to respond only to certain ones.

Said Neurologist Macdonald Critchley of London: "Sleeping little matters little. What does matter is the anxiety it produces." One doctor's prescription for those whose inability to sleep is due to an empty stomach: "A plate of good thick porridge."

Concerned because 10% of Britain's National Health Service prescriptions nowadays are for barbiturates, Professor Derrick Melville Dunlop of Edinburgh complained that "the average city dweller wants to be able to turn sleep on and off like a tap." He advocated abandoning bromides entirely because they are useless for insomnia, and urged the prescribing of barbiturates only sparingly and for short times—while the patient is being taught to relax and not to lie awake worrying about when he will get to sleep.

Insomniac patients, the doctors agreed cannot be talked or cajoled out of their sleepiness, but require sympathetic treatment. "What do you do about the patient who complains, 'I haven't slept a wink,' when you know he has slept for hours?" Sir Geoffrey Jefferson was asked. Replied Sir Geoffrey who looks a bit sleepy himself: "If the patient says he didn't sleep, or didn't sleep well, he's probably right. He knows better than the doctor or the nurse . . ."

Open Wider

In Manhattan last week, Columbia University's School of Dental and Oral Surgery announced a new, virtually-painless dental drill, the Cavitron. Designed to replace the nerve-racking metal burr the pencil-shaped Cavitron is quieter and quicker.

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⁹ *i.e.*, connecting points between nerve cells.



Don't mistake this new Friden adding machine for an improved model of a conventional machine.

Here is the first adding machine made to fit and pace the human hand . . . the first American 10-key adding machine to show you ACTUAL ITEMS before they are printed on tape!

Friden engineers were unhampered by existing dies or parts inventories. They started literally "from scratch" to design the ideal adding machine. Ask your nearby Friden Man to bring in one of these machines. Friden sales, instruction and service available throughout the U.S. and the world. FRIDEN CALCULATING MACHINE CO., INC., San Leandro, California.

A PRODUCT OF

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FULLY AUTOMATIC CALCULATOR

THE THINKING MACHINE OF AMERICAN BUSINESS

In this
Check Window

4738809

above keys, you see the actual items you enter on keyboard before they are printed on tape.

This new first-time feature on an American 10-key machine simplifies changes and corrections

Clear Signal prints automatically on tape with first item following a total • Totals and Sub-totals obtained instantly by depressing bars—no space strokes required

• True credit balance printed without extra motor operations or pre-setting • Over-size control keys, each plainly labeled, give direct "live" response • Many other Friden convenience features

Who will write on football for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?



IN more than twenty years as a football player, a professional wrestler, and as a coach at Wake Forest, North Carolina, Army, and Yale, jovial, tanklike Herman Hickman of Tennessee endured such barrages of knees, elbows, heads and feet as have seldom been directed against the human torso.

HE has not dented—not so much because he weighs 326 pounds and is constructed almost completely of gristle, but because of the internal pressures generated by one of the most delightful personality conflicts of all time.

HICKMAN is not only one of the few 326-pound All-American guards but is also one of the few 326-pound poets practicing today. He is also a student of early American history, a cook (who often spends a morning over a hot stone pickling pears), one of the vastest trenchermen of the 20th century ("I'll eat anything that doesn't eat me"), and an orator with the bent and the ability to loose off whole grandiloquent pages of Shakespeare, Kipling, and obscure Grecian bars.

AS a professional football player (The Brooklyn Dodgers) and a professional wrestler (300 bouts), Hickman spent hours with a group of literary pals he later organized into the Village Green Reading Society—whose members wear red baseball caps, and numbered jerseys while reciting verse. Two years ago he quit coaching for TV, a daily radio program, speechmaking, and writing.

HICKMAN is, in a word, a sort of vast and portable arena in which those chromosomes inherent in his awesome thesis contend eternally with those inherent in the Hickman brain.

IT is a conflict which has made him, among other things, a mighty student as well as a mighty practitioner of football and a sports teller of wondrous virtuosity—gifts he will demonstrate for a new public this autumn as a football writer for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

First issue out August 16th

sonic vibrations (20,000 per sec.) of the Caviron's tiny steel tip, and these particles neatly bore into the tooth without noise or pressure.

Columbia's dentists consider the new tool a major advance toward completely painless dentistry, but before the Caviron goes into general production, some 200 will go to other clinics and dental schools for further testing. The average dentist will not be able to get one for many months. Estimated cost per Caviron: \$1,000.

Capsules

A new electrically operated metal hand for victims of paralysis and for amputees with some types of artificial hands has been invented by Charles V. Gianno, vice president of Lionel Corp. (toy trains). Manufactured on a nonprofit basis by Lionel, the glove-like device fits snugly over the thumb and forefinger. Two power-

driven cables move the paralyzed fingers; the cables in turn are controlled by a push-button that can be worked by the other hand, by blowing through a tube or by pressure under the armpit. The metal hand has already enabled handicapped individuals to write, use the telephone and eating utensils, brush their teeth and even shave. The Wisconsin Blue Cross and the Milwaukee Medical Society's Surgical Care (a Blue Shield plan) announced new "Catastrophic Policies" to take over where ordinary medical-insurance contracts end. Designed to finance treatment of drawn-out illnesses (including mental and nervous disorders), the new policies will pay 75% of the total expenses up to \$10,000 after the patient has put out \$200 from his own pocket. Catastrophic Policies will be sold only to groups of 50 or more who are already enrolled in the basic insurance plans. Estimated cost of full coverage for one person: \$60 a year.

MILESTONES

Born. To Burt Lancaster, 40, cinemacrobat (*Apache*), and Norma Anderson Lancaster, 36; their fifth child, third daughter; in Santa Monica, Calif. Name: Sighe Ann. Weight: 8 lbs. 5 oz.

Born. To Van Heflin, 43, blond cinema he-man (*Shane*), and Frances Neal Heflin, 32; their third child, first son; in Santa Monica, Calif. Name: Tracy Neal. Weight: 6 lbs. 4 oz.

Marriage Revealed. Viveca Lindfors, 33, Swedish-born Hollywood cinemactress (*The Raiders*); and George Tabori, 40, somber-themed Broadway playwright (*Flight into Egypt*); she for the fourth time, he for the second; in Malibu Beach, Calif., July 4.

Died. Mrs. Helen Eakin Eisenhower, 49, wife of Pennsylvania State University President Milton S. Eisenhower, sister-in-law of Dwight D. Eisenhower; of complications following pneumonia; in State College, Pa.

Died. Frank Hague Eggers, 53, one-time (1947-49) mayor of raucous Jersey City; of a stroke; in Jersey City. Tenderly nursed in politics by his uncle, Boss ("I am the law") Hague, Eggers cut his political teeth on city and county judgeships, served four years as Hague's personal secretary, was appointed (and later elected) to the city commission, then, when Hague stepped aside in 1947, to the mayoralty. In 1949, with Eggers in charge, the Hague machine collapsed at the polls, stayed collapsed despite Eggers' comeback attempt last year.

Died. Gabriel Pascal, 60, cinemadaptor of the plays of George Bernard Shaw; after long illness; in Manhattan. Penniless in 1935 when he crumbled Shaw's notorious resistance to movie versions, stormy,

Hungarian-born Perfectionist Pascal rose to fame and fortune with *Pygmalion* (1938); went on to make a career of producing G.B.S. on the screen (*Major Barbara*, *Caesar and Cleopatra*, *Androcles and the Lion*), won the Irish master's rare rating of "genius."

Died. Dr. Vincas Kreve-Mickevicus, 71, short-time (June-August, 1940) Foreign Minister of Lithuania; of a heart ailment; in Marple, Pa. Ousted from his post for protesting Russia's seizure of power in Lithuania, Dr. Kreve-Mickevicus fled in 1944, taught Russian at the University of Pennsylvania from 1947 until his retirement last year.

Died. John B. (for Blanks) Campbell, 77, racing secretary of New York tracks and nationally famed handicapper; of a heart ailment; in Manhattan. Son of a Mississippi River steamboat captain, he began handicapping in 1914, worked at virtually every track in the country before settling down in 1935 to placing weights for the 1,500 races a year at New York's four tracks (Aqueduct, Belmont, Jamaica, Saratoga). Blunt, owlish Louisianian Campbell remained blandly unperturbed by owners' and trainers' protests over his weight assignments, calmly pursued the handicapper's dream, i.e., a race so perfectly handicapped that all entries would finish in a dead heat. He came closer to perfection than any racing secretary in the U.S.; in 1944 got a triple dead heat in the Carter Handicap at Aqueduct.

Died. Mrs. Idabelle Smith Firestone, 79, widow of Rubber Tycoon Harvey S. Firestone Sr., sometime composer (*If I Could Tell You, In My Garden*, opening and closing themes on radio-TV's venerable *Voice of Firestone*); after long illness; in Akron.

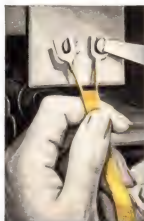
Put the powerful advantages of **BAKELITE** **Polyethylene** TRADE-MARK to work for your products

Do you need **LIGHT WEIGHT?**



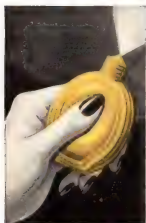
Polyethylene is the lightest of all plastics. With BAKELITE Polyethylene you can make products easier to use, less costly to ship and handle. Look at this 2-inch water pipe. One man carries a 200-ft. coil with ease... no rigging needed. There's no rusting, no electrolytic action, no damage from freezing. There's high resistance to corrosion. Imagine how many ways this lightweight, durable, and easily-fabricated material can help you.

Do you need **SUPERIOR INSULATION?**



BAKELITE Polyethylene is the superior insulating material preferred for low-loss television lead-ins. It makes wire and cable much lighter, more weather and chemical resistant. It gives your engineers a highly-adaptable material for a wide range of uses... as a potting resin... as color-coded wire and component insulation... for gaskets, stand-offs and scores of other electronic products. And now, BAKELITE Cellular Polyethylene, expanded with inert gas, offers even lighter weight, superior properties for VHF and UHF, and makes a pound of polyethylene go almost twice as far.

Do you need **FLEXIBILITY?**



BAKELITE Polyethylene has such inherent flexibility that no plasticizers are needed! There's flexibility with shape retention... for squeeze bottles of any color, with frosty, translucent, metallic or other sales-appealing finishes. It makes highly-flexible transparent film for packaging foods and scores of other products. The resins make an excellent wax additive for broad and baked-goods wrappers, providing greater strength, better heat sealing, glossier printing.

Do you need **STABILITY?**



BAKELITE Polyethylene is inert. It doesn't impart odor or taste. It's ideal for refrigerator containers, bowls, food packages, clothing and textile bags, and scores of other uses. In fact, it's chemically inert to almost all substances. From unbreakable carboys that safely carry corrosives... to spillproof and leakproof bottles for drugs... to chemical pipe and tubing... BAKELITE Polyethylene can help you make, sell, and distribute your products better, easier, and more profitably.

RIGHT NOW is the time to put BAKELITE Polyethylene to work for your present products and your products-in-mind. It can be fabricated in every way known to plastics. It offers opportunities that no one can predict until he tries it. Start investigating now by writing for our booklet, BAKELITE Polyethylene, to Dept. XK-76.

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TIME, JULY 19, 1954

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Going Up

The booming construction industry, one of the biggest props under the economy, last week showed new signs of strength. The U.S. Department of Commerce reported that new construction in June rose to \$3.3 billion, with both private and public building at peak levels. This brought the total for the first six months to a record \$16.6 billion, more than \$300 million above 1953's previous alltime high.

From other sections of the economy came more good news:

¶ Unemployment rose only 42,000 to 3,347,000 between May and June, far less than the normal 375,000 increase expected because of school graduations and vacation layoffs. Employment was up by 979,000, most of it on farms, but enough (142,000) was in factories to halt the down trend in non-farm employment.

¶ The stock market rose for the fourth straight week. The Dow-Jones industrial average broke through to a bull-market high of 341.25, nearly four points better than the week before.

The cotton market moved up on crop estimates by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Cotton futures spurted as much as \$1 a bale on news that 1954's cotton plantings, which had been cut 21% under 1953's, largely as a result of Government controls, would produce only 12 million bales v. 16.5 million last year. But corn production, despite a 17.4% cut in acreage, was estimated at 3.3 billion bu., about 135 million more than last year's crop and nearly 255 million higher than the ten-year average.

AVIATION

Gamble in the Sky

[See Cover]

In an office atop a low, green building on the outskirts of Seattle, Wash., stands a potted, prickly-pear cactus plant. The office is the headquarters of William McPherson Allen, president of Boeing Airplane Co.; the cactus was given to him almost nine years ago as a symbol of his job when Allen took over as Boeing's new president. Scrawny, stunted and thorny, the plant then symbolized Boeing's post-war plight, with two of the company's plants silent and empty, 38,000 of its wartime workers out of jobs. Today, President Allen's bitter little cactus is tall, green and fat, and as flourishing as any in the entire Pacific Northwest.

Last week Boeing Airplane Co. was also flourishing. Under Bill Allen's careful tending, the company backlog has grown to almost \$2.5 billion, the biggest in the industry. Sales in 1953 hit \$900 million. Profits last year soared to \$20 million, more than any other U.S. planemaker. But the most exciting thing about Boeing's spectacular course last week was a brand-new airplane that was rolled out for its preflight tests—a big, sleek, new jet painted a rich yellow and chocolate brown, with sharply swept-back wings and four huge jet engines slung underneath. The new craft: Boeing Airplane Co.'s Model 707, the first jet-powered transport plane ever built in the U.S.

As engineers watched, the 707's four jets started up with a low whine that rose to a scream, then a roar. The engine tests took three days. Then the chocks were pulled from the wheels, and the big plane



FOUNDER BOEING

In the giddy days, an exciting family, rolled down the runway, circled and rolled back again, swaying as Chief Test Pilot Alvin M. Johnston checked rudder and ailerons, hucking as he eased on the brakes. On an earlier taxi test, the 95-ton ship had snapped a landing-gear support, had to be sent back to the shops for repairs (TIME, May 31). Last week "Tex" Johnston was doubly careful; for five days the tests went on before he was satisfied that the plane was ready for flight. This week Boeing's new 707 is scheduled to speed down the runway, and go skyward on her maiden flight.

Outspeeding a Comet. America's first entry in the jet-age commercial air race is far more than just an answer to Britain's ill-fated Comet I, or the Comet's bigger sisters II and III. The 707 is as much of an advance over Britain's early leader as the swift advance of jet-aircraft design will allow. Its graceful fuselage sweeps back 128 ft., a full 35 ft. longer than the Comet I. In its fuselage, almost as wide as a living room and as long as a hall room, it can carry 130 passengers, v. 48 for the Comet I.

Its four burly Pratt & Whitney J-57 jet engines blast out more than 40,000 lbs. of thrust, twice the power of the Comet's four engines, enough to push the 707 through the sky at 550-m.p.h. cruising speed, about 60 m.p.h. faster than the Comet I, about 50% faster than the fastest prop-driven airliners. The 707 is designed to fly the Atlantic in less than seven hours, give the sun a race from east to west. It will be able to leave New York at noon, arrive in Los Angeles by 1:30 p.m.

The new jetliner will probably not be seen first as a civilian transport, but as a military plane, part of General Curtis LeMay's Strategic Air Command. Though the Air Force has not yet placed a firm order, the 707 has been approved by the Air Policy Council and seems certain to be in the buying program as a flying tank-



Associated Press

THE 707 ROLLING OUT FOR FLIGHT TESTS
From a bitter little cactus, a fat and flourishing giant.

TIME CLOCK

er to refuel swept-wing jet bombers, thus give the Strategic Air Command more mobility and range. SAC's B-47 bombers now get refueled in the air on their 10,000-mile missions from prop-driven KC-97 tankers. To do so, the B-47s have to drop from 40,000 ft. to 20,000 ft. With the new 707s, SAC bombers can take on fuel at combat altitudes and at combat speeds.

The Big Question. With a model already built, Boeing has won itself a long head start on the rest of the industry in the jet transport race. The credit goes to Boeing's brilliant corps of engineers and to Bill Allen, the dry, deceptively plain lawyer who became Boeing's president (and custodian of the cactus) in 1945. Allen is the man who gave the final go-ahead for Boeing to spend \$20 million on the 707, gambling that he could sell it to the Air Force and the airlines. With Air Force orders in the offing, Bill Allen has apparently won half his parlay. If he wins the second half, he will crack the transport field wide open. The big question is: Will U.S. airlines buy the 707?

The airlines are not anxious to switch to jets, since they have just invested some \$250 million for new fleets of prop-driven planes. But with Boeing's 707, the pressure is on; the first big U.S. airline to buy the 707 will force the others to follow. Bill Allen is betting that he gets that crucial order. While his new jet will cost upwards of \$4,000,000 v. \$1,850,000 for a Douglas DC-7, Allen thinks the 707 will pay off. Its greater size and speed will enable it to do 2½ times the work of a DC-7 or Super Constellation. Allen estimates that it will fly passengers at the same cost per mile as a propeller plane, be easier to maintain, less complicated to fly. His \$20 million bet is that Boeing can grab off the peacetime commercial market just as it has cornered the military market for big bombers.

King of the Bombers. Since the beginning of World War II, Boeing has been undisputed king of the bomber builders. But in the 38 years since William Edward Boeing, a wealthy lumberman's son, founded the company as a hobby just outside Seattle, Boeing has also built everything from gnatlike fighters to giant flying boats, and can claim enough pioneering firsts to satisfy any planemaker.

From Bill Boeing's first 75-m.p.h. seaplane in 1916 to Bill Allen's 707, Boeing has turned out 22,500 planes of more than 200 different types. In the '20s and '30s, Boeing's name was on some of the world's fastest pursuit ships and bombers. Boeing pioneered today's streamlined all-metal transports, built the famed four-engine Boeing "Clippers," the first for regular transatlantic service. Betting its pocket-book on performance, Boeing has sometimes lost money. But on such bombers as World War II's B-17 and B-29, the design gambles have paid off. By 1945 half the nation's total aircraft manufac-

COLOR TV SETS with 19-in. tubes will soon be on the market for less than \$1,000. Columbia Broadcasting System is now making its new "Colortron 205" picture tube, the first color tube to be mass-produced. A CBS-Hytron plant will be turning out 10,000 tubes a month by September for Motorola (which will use the tube in its new \$895 and \$995 sets). Sears Roebuck, and CBS's own sets.

BURLINGTON MILLS Corp., No. 1 U.S. producer of synthetic textiles, is bidding for control of Pacific Mills (which ranks seventh in cottons and woolsens). In one big deal Burlington bought (mostly from Ely & Walker Dry Goods Co.) close to 20% of Pacific's 959,052 shares at \$50 each (v. \$36.50 on the stock market), has offered to pay same price for another 285,000 shares to get voting control.

GOODYEAR plants were all struck for the first time in the company's history. Some 23,000 C.I.O. United Rubber Workers walked out of factories in ten cities after bargaining collapsed. The union is reportedly asking 12½¢ an hour; Goodyear has offered 5¢.

HOUSING PROJECT, one of the biggest in U.S., will be built on the outskirts of Houston by Millionaire Home Builder Frank Sharp. Project will have 15,000 homes, also parks, office buildings, two country clubs, will cost \$200 million. Sharp announced that the first 1,000 homes (three-bedroom brick veneers, about \$12,000 each) will be ready in January.

TRANSATLANTIC STEAMSHIP travel is setting alltime records. At the midway mark liners have already carried 367,000 passengers (v. 352,000 at mid-1953). Bookings indicate some 930,000 will sail by year's end. Air travel is also up about 20%.

MOST POPULAR STOCKS of investors under the New York Stock Exchange's Monthly Investment Plan are (in order) Radio Corp. of America, Dow Chemical, General Motors, American Telephone & Telegraph, Standard Oil (N.J.) and General Elec-

turing space was devoted to building Boeing's fabled Forts.

But after the war, Boeing went into a dizzying tailspin. The torrent of contracts dried to a trickle, and production lines slowed down. As a final blow, Boeing President Philip Gustav Johnson, hard-driving engineer who had piloted Boeing through the war years, died suddenly late in 1944, and Boeing was without a chief.

"Trouble Lies Ahead." For a year after Johnson's death, Boeing searched the U.S. for a new boss. As Boeing lawyer and a director, Bill Allen led the hunt. Finally, in desperation, Boeing's board tried to convince Allen himself that he was the man for the job. He was no airman, but he knew Boeing's finances inside out. Allen was stunned, did not even want the job. In his diary he listed his misgivings:

trick. After nearly six months, M.I.P. has attracted \$4,000,000 from 20,000 investors (67% men, 17% women, 16% joint accounts).

PIGGY-BACK railroading, temporarily checked by an ICC order four weeks ago, now has the commission's O.K. Though truckers have complained about proposed rates of six railroads for carrying loaded trailers on flatcars, the ICC decided to give their new service a green light, while the rate discussion continues.

WEST GERMAN OIL industry is making a rousing comeback. New and rebuilt refineries are turning out 10,500,000 tons (74,808,300 barrels) a year (12% of all European production), and crude-oil production is up to nearly 2,500,000 tons a year, one-third of domestic consumption.

ALUMINUM PRICES may go up soon. C.I.O. Steelworkers asked Aluminum Company of America for same wage boost won in the steel industry. Alcoa says it cannot absorb the raise without a price boost.

ROYAL DUTCH PETROLEUM will soon be traded again on the New York Stock Exchange. Stock was dropped 18 years ago for failure to comply with SEC regulations. The Big Board's governors authorized Royal Dutch to list 24,327,312 shares, par value 50 guilders (about \$13.26).

BIRTH-RATE BOOM that started with the war shows no signs of slowing down, and sales of children's clothing are up 10% to 30%, still rising. The nation's under-18 population has gone up to 53.6 million (from 40.3 million in 1940), is expected to reach 62.2 million by 1960.

TRADE WITH RED CHINA is being pushed by Britain, though the U.S. still opposes any easing of the strategic list. In London the Chinese trade mission made progress on an exchange of goods that may reach £100 million (\$280 million), three times its original goal. Among the "nonstrategic" items: antibiotics and chemicals.

"AGAINST—I do not feel I have the qualifications. That's the all-compelling reason. 2) Trouble lies ahead. 3) Lack of seniority: if I don't make a success of it, I would resign, then where would I be? 4) Worry. Could I physically stand it? 5) Less time with the children. Heaven knows it is little enough now. For—I) A little greater material return. 2) It would be a new challenge."

On Sept. 1, 1945, on Bill Allen's 45th birthday, he decided to take up the challenge; he resigned from his law firm to become Boeing's president at \$50,000 a year. By surface indication, Bill Allen was taking over a soaring giant of the air world. Boeing employment still stood at almost 30,000 in Seattle, 17,000 at the two plants at Wichita, Kans. Sales for 1943 and 1944 were over \$1 billion, and



B-17



B-29

profits were almost \$10 million. But this was an empire built on war contracts and things were happening to war contracts.

On the eve of his election, a big B-29 contract was canceled, and one Wichita plant had to be shut down. The next day, another sweeping cutback hit Seattle as well. New President Allen went home and muttered dazedly to his wife: "My lord, the roof has fallen in." In 60 days, \$1.5 billion in contracts were canceled, more than 18,000 workers laid off. Bill Allen remembered the grim joke North American's James H. ("Dutch") Kindelberger once told him on the boom-or-bust character of the industry: "If I stub my toe and fall while running to lay off people, we're liable to lose our shirts."

Strikes & Stratocruisers. Allen tightened his lips, set out to see what he could salvage. He hardly looked like the man for the job, acted even less like it. He appeared shy and unsure, talked in stiff lawyerese, had little technical knowledge about engines or air frames. Yet he had three qualities common to most great plane builders. He knew when to gamble, he trusted his designers, and he knew how to forge them into a solid team. "We work together here, like this," says a Boeing engineer locking his hands, "instead of apart like this," sweeping them to the side. Bill Allen also knew how to make a tough decision. At one of his first full staff meetings, Allen calmly decided to put the demoralized company to work on a new transport plane.

In November 1945 Pan American signed for 20 Boeing Stratocruisers—big, 300-m.p.h., four-engine craft that could carry 31 passengers 3,000 miles nonstop. Allen's gamble gave Boeing a little breathing period, but the company was still in deep trouble. The planes were expensive to produce (price: \$1,500,000), even costlier to operate. Boeing made only 56 Stratocruisers for civilian customers. Net loss: \$15 million. In 1948 more troubles piled up. This time they came from a bitter, 144-day strike by the Aero Mechanics Union at Seattle. Boeing wanted to revise wartime seniority provisions that prevented it from shifting workers and thereby cutting costs. The union said no, and 14,000 men went out. Civic groups in Seattle and the National Labor Relations Board asked Allen to bargain. He refused, contending that the strike was illegal under the union contract. Boeing stood to lose millions on Stratocruiser

orders, but eventually, Allen won his fight. Boeing more than recouped its losses on commercial orders with orders from the Air Force for the KC-97, the cargo and tanker version of the Stratocruiser. To date, more than 500 KC-97s have come off the lines, a final vindication of Bill Allen's first big decision.

Reaching for Tomorrow. Since those fateful first years, Allen has learned to live with the job. Behind his desk, he is sure of himself, knows what he wants to do and how. At home he is an amiable, storytelling host whose best jokes are on himself, who loves to sit around with old cronies, sipping Scotch and water and bursting out with gusts of staccato laughter. He lives in a handsome, ten-room house north of Seattle, with his wife Mary Ellen Field, their son James, and three daughters, Dorothy, Nancy and Ellen. Allen likes to dance, fish, play squash and golf, but seldom has time for such planned fun. On the golf course, he drives partners wild by dashing off every so often to call the plant. Says Allen: "Boeing is always reaching out for tomorrow. This can only be accomplished by people who live, breathe, eat and sleep what they are doing."

As a boy back in Lolo (pop. 200), Mont., where he was born on Sept. 1, 1900, Bill Allen gave little indication of such single-minded devotion to the job ahead. He is remembered as a tall, stringy "toothpick" youngster. His father, Charles Maurice Allen, was a mining engineer who enjoyed taking Bill and his older brother Edward on long pack trips to live off venison and mountain grouse. At Montana State University Allen barely skinned through. It was not until he went east to Harvard Law School (class of '25) that he decided to work hard for the first time in his life. But no matter how hard he studied, he was surprised to find that his grades remained mediocre. Allen came to



JOHNSON William Allen



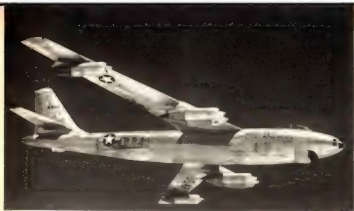
WELLS Fred Wells



BOEING'S FIRST PLANE



MODEL 40-B MAIL PLANE



B-47



B-52



EGGTVEDT



BEALL

the shocking conclusion that there were "a lot of people brighter than I was, so I made up my mind to work all the harder to make up for it."

When he went looking for a job with the Seattle law firm of Donworth, Todd & Higgins, he was so anxious to make good that he offered to work for \$50 a month. Allen got the job. A year later, in 1926, he drew an assignment to work with a bustling aircraft company on the outskirts of town. Its name: Boeing Airplane Co.

Into the Air. By then, Boeing was ten years old and was hailed as the biggest airplane plant in the U.S. To help run his company, Founder Bill Boeing had gone to the University of Washington for two bright young engineering students, Philip Gustav Johnson, only 32, a fiery, two-fisted organizational genius, was Boeing's president; Clairmont Eggtvedt, 34, was his opposite, a quiet, studious designer and Boeing's vice president.

The company had built a total of 268 trainers, Navy torpedo bombers, shipboard fighters and other craft. But into every model went the company's entire bankroll. "Usually, the main item on the agenda at board meetings was to pass a resolution accepting another contribution from Mr. Boeing," says "Clair" Eggtvedt, now Boeing's chairman. When the Post Office Department decided to get out of the air-mail business in 1925 and asked private companies to fly a commercial route between Chicago and San Francisco, Boeing jumped at the chance. Boeing's bid: \$1.50 a lb. for the first 1,000 miles, \$2.89 for the entire trip—about what it was costing the Post Office to fly mail 223 miles from New York to Boston.

"Most people thought we were going broke when we took that contract," says old Bill Boeing. But Boeing was gambling that it could build a plane cheap enough and efficient enough to carry the mail at a

profit. Eggtvedt designed the plane, the Model 40-A biplane. It could fly at a top speed of 135 m.p.h. with 1,200 lbs. of mail and three passengers jammed in a tiny cabin behind the engine fire wall. A later model, the 40-B, was faster and bigger, and 38 were built.

Meanwhile, Lawyer Allen took on the work of incorporating the new Boeing Air Transport Inc., which had been formed to fly the mail, and before long Allen found himself spending 90% of his time on Boeing business.

Boeing made money on its air-mail route, saw profits go up from \$115,000 in 1927 to \$555,000 in 1928. The future looked wide open. Lindbergh had just crossed the Atlantic the year before, and the time was passing when flyers had trouble taking out insurance because of their calling. But it was still an infant industry where designers relied almost exclusively on light wood and stout wire. Designer Clair Eggtvedt hooted at their lack of imagination with a satiric couplet:

When in doubt, build her stout

Out of materials you know about.

The Wood Barrier. In 1930, Eggtvedt and Boeing revolutionized plane design with the "Monomail." It was a long way ahead of the thick wooden and fabric wings of the '20s. Boeing's new craft was all metal and sleek as a seal, with a single low wing stressed from within, and a retractable landing gear. In the air it could carry five passengers at an unheard-of top speed for transports of 160 m.p.h. Shrewdly, Boeing followed up its Monomail with an all-metal, twin-engine B-9 bomber (nicknamed the "Panatela" for its cigarlike shape) that hit 186 m.p.h. Soon after, it brought out its all-metal P-26, a monoplane fighter fast enough to catch its speedy bomber.

The Flying Boots. The '30s were years of giddy growth for the young company. In 1928 Boeing started up a School of Aeronautics in Oakland, Calif. A year later it changed its name to United Aircraft & Transport Corp., in rapid succession bought up Pratt & Whitney, Chance Vought, Sikorsky Aviation, Northrup, and five smaller companies. Two years after that, United Air Lines was formed to tie together the combine's booming air-transport business. Phil Johnson moved to Chicago to head United Air Lines, soon turned over the reins of the Boeing division to Designer Eggtvedt. Other young men hurried to Seattle as Boeing's name



MONOMAIL



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BOEING'S ALLEN & FAMILY*
On the golf course, added hazards.

Howard Staehle

spread—Edward Wells arrived at the age of 21, destined to design whole families of Boeing planes; hustling, roly-poly Wellwood Beall, 28, engineer, pilot and crack salesman who first taught engineering at the School of Aeronautics, then went off to sell Boeing planes to China.

The youngsters worked on a family of exciting new transports. In 1933 Boeing put out its 247, the country's first twin-engined, all-metal transport that could keep its altitude with a full load on one engine. Boeing also put in such advances as trim tabs, supercharged engines and an automatic pilot, built 55 of the 247s for its United Air Lines sister subsidiary. Five years later, Boeing's team of Eggevedt, Beall and Wells flew its famed 74-passenger 314 flying boat (the "Clipper"), designed for the first regular transatlantic runs. Then they built another four-engined airliner, the "Stratoliner," the first transport with a pressurized cabin for high-altitude travel. Boeing built 22 Stratoliners and 314s. But the planes, expensive to operate, and complicated challenges to airline maintenance crews, did not sell in quantity. Boeing lost a total of \$4,500,000 on its twin giants and found itself in financial trouble.

One into Three. The turning point for Boeing came with its military planes, but it came in a way that almost wrecked Boeing. In Washington in 1934, a congressional committee began poking into Government air-mail contracts, investigating charges that carriers were making exorbitant profits, that airline officers had run investments of a few thousands into millions. Boeing hotly denied the charges, said that it had started flying the air mail as the only transport company on its route, soon had two competitors. Nonetheless, the Roosevelt Administration

abruptly canceled all air-mail contracts; four months later Congress passed the Air Mail Act of 1934, forbidding any financial link between an air-mail transport line and a manufacturer. In the meantime, the Army Air Corps was ordered to take over the air-mail routes. The order brought disaster: within a month and a half, ten Army pilots, untrained for bad-weather flying, were killed.

The great air-mail purge was a disaster for Boeing. Under the law, United Aircraft & Transport had to split into three independent companies—United Air Lines, United Aircraft Corp.,† to make propellers, engines and planes, and Boeing Airplane Co. Says Allen: "We came out of it with less than \$1,000,000 in liquid assets. We were still building the rest of an order for 136 P-26s for the Army, but that was it." Bill Boeing disgustfully sold out his interests and retired. Phil Johnson, who by then was head of the parent United Aircraft & Transport organization, was "exiled" from the industry after the Government let it be understood that it did not want him to work for any plane or transport company. He went to Canada, where he helped organize Trans-Canada Air Lines for the Canadian government.

In its desperate plight, Boeing reacted in a characteristic manner: it decided to gamble \$650,000 of its remaining bankroll on a plane to compete for an Army

* From left: Nancy, Bill Allen, Ellen, Dorothy and Mrs. Allen

† United Air Lines is now the third biggest U.S. airline (No. 1: Pan Am; No. 2: American), with assets of \$456 million; United Aircraft is the biggest propeller and engine maker, has assets of \$298 million, also makes planes (Vought) and helicopters (Sikorsky).

multi-engined bomber contract. To most bomber designers, the word "multi" meant just two engines. But Boeing, using its knowledge gained in big transports, planned on a true giant, the heaviest warplane ever built. Designed by Beall and Wells, Boeing's prototype B-17 weighed 22 tons, had four engines, could hit more than 200 m.p.h. for 3,000 miles at an altitude of 24,000 ft. Looking at it, a newsman exclaimed: "It's a Flying Fortress," and the name stuck.

Boeing took its new plane to demonstrate to Army Air Corps brass at Wright Field in Dayton. With an Army pilot in the cockpit, and Boeing's Chief Test Pilot Leslie Tower aboard, Boeing's B-17 took off. But the pilot was unaware that the tail surfaces had a lock to keep them from being buffeted by the wind when on the ground. With the controls locked, the plane took off, lurched over on one wing, crashed and burned. Both Tower and the Army flyer were killed. Boeing collected \$350,000 in insurance, but Douglas, with a twin-engined B-18 in competition, walked off with the contract for 133 planes. Nevertheless, the Army Air Corps liked the Fortress well enough to order 13 for "service tests."

While the plane was proving itself, Boeing's engineers went to work to build a better Flying Fortress. Beall and Wells put in bigger, 900-h.p. engines with turbo-superchargers, so that the Fort could operate at 38,000 ft. When World War II came along, Boeing was ready. Phil Johnson came back from his Canadian exile in 1939 to run the show. Bill Allen worked out production contracts. Wellwood Beall started the production lines humming. A year later, Boeing was in mass production. Orders were coming in so fast that Douglas and Lockheed also had to tool up to produce Boeing planes.

Bigger & Faster. The Air Force wanted the B-17 to fight over Europe as a daylight bomber. To carry the air war across the Pacific to Japan, the U.S. needed a bigger, faster bomber. By 1943 Boeing provided that, too. Boeing's B-29 Superfortress was twice as heavy as the latest model of its sister B-17, and had a range of more than 3,500 miles.

While the first B-29 was still being flight-tested, the Air Force dropped a bombshell in Boeing's lap. The late General Oliver Echols, boss of Air Materiel Command, asked Beall: "We're thinking of spending more on this airplane than on any other. Do you think we should do it?" The sum: \$2 billion. Without batting an eye, Beall gave his conditions and his answer: "Yes." By 1943, Boeing's B-29 was in full production at five plants. The U.S. needed the plane so badly that it was sped into production before Boeing could iron out all the bugs. The first models were plagued by engine fires, tricky electrical systems, a hundred other deadly gremlins.

On a Wing & a Prayer. But in combat Boeing's two Fortresses were unexcelled. B-17s limped home almost broken in half from mid-air collisions with Nazi fighters, with tails and wings riddled like sieves, with three engines knocked out. In the



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Pacific more than 1,000 damaged B-29s made the 750 miles from Japan to emergency landings on Iwo Jima. Boeing bombers made up 17% of all Air Force bombers, dropped 46% of all U.S. bombs on Europe, accounted for 67% of the enemy fighters shot down by bombers, dropped 96% of all the bombs that laid waste Japanese cities.

By war's end the B-17s and B-29s were coming off the lines at the rate of 20 a day. Boeing alone made almost 7,000 of the total 12,371 B-17s produced in World War II, turned out 2,766 of the 3,970 B-29s. At one of its Wichita, Kans., plants, Boeing also built 10,346 Kaydet trainers, more primary trainers than any other manufacturer, for fledgling pilots.

Through it all, President Johnson and Lawyer Allen were seldom out of sight of each other, flying in a B-17 all over the U.S., wherever Boeing business took them. Johnson by then was tiring and leaning heavily on Allen's judgment. In September 1944, played out by the "damn war," Phil Johnson collapsed in a Wichita hotel room and died of a cerebral hemorrhage.

The Jet Age. As Boeing's new president, Bill Allen not only had to survive the postwar cutbacks and the disappointment of the Stratocruiser. He had to plan ahead for the jet age. In December 1947 Boeing's six-engined B-47, the first jet designed to carry A-bombs, made its maiden flight. So far, Boeing has built more than 700 B-47s at Wichita; Lockheed and Douglas have also gone to work, and the orders are still rolling in.

Today, Boeing's 600-m.p.h. B-47 is the backbone of U.S. air might. But it is still a relatively short-range plane, dependent on overseas bases and mid-air refueling. The only truly intercontinental bomber is Convair's piston and jet-engined B-36, which can fly 10,000 miles without refueling. To replace the B-36 with a speedier all-jet plane, Boeing poured more than 3,000,000 engineering man-hours into a new super-bomber, the B-52.

Boeing will build two prototype B-52s at a cost of \$20 million apiece (estimated price in mass production: \$8,500,000), with eight Pratt & Whitney J-57 jet engines, and swept-back wings. The planes, which has a 185-ft. wing span, weighs 350,000 lbs., more than any other U.S. bomber in history, has a towering 48-ft. tail, higher than a four-story office building, a bomb bay like a railroad boxcar. Speed: faster than the B-47. Range: comparable to the B-36. Even such hard-to-please pilots as SAC's cigar-chomping General Curtis LeMay found few faults. (When LeMay first flew Boeing's B-52, Allen asked him anxiously what he thought. LeMay's good-natured complaint: "The seats are too hard.") How many Boeing will build is secret, but the Air Force promises that there will be enough for at least seven of LeMay's SAC wings. The number: 200 or more.

The Payoff. With the B-47 and B-52 and its KC-97 program, Boeing is in the best shape ever. This year, sales will reach the \$1 billion mark, and profits will probably hit \$31 million, 48% more

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In the air, on the sea, across the land.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

than the peak war years. This spring Boeing's 14,419 stockholders got the added dividend of a two-for-one stock split.

If the 70; lives up to its promise. Bill Allen and his Boeing team will have another winner. But they will not ease up on the throttle. Last March, when Air Force Chief of Staff General Twining flew to Seattle for the roll-out of the first-production B-52A, he turned to Allen just before the big plane poked its nose through the hangar doors. Said Twining: "The minute that airplane rolls out—forget it. Do what you have in the past. Start thinking about the next one, a better one, a bigger one, a faster one."

Bill Allen's answer to Twining is the greatest research and development program in Boeing's history. Under Senior Vice President Wellwood Beall, Boeing's engineering department has grown into an army of more than 5,000 top designers, engineers and draftsmen. To build better planes, Boeing this year will spend nearly \$5,000,000 on research alone. It will also build a new high-velocity wind tunnel to produce speeds of 1,100 m.p.h.

The Missile Age. On the drawing boards are whole fleets of new Boeing planes. Beall's designers are working on a supersonic intercontinental bomber, have another Air Force contract for an engineering study for nuclear-powered aircraft. In Boeing's top-secret electronics laboratory, others are busy with a \$200 million development and production contract for Boeing's F-99 "Bomarc," a pilotless interceptor plane to send after bombers. It is in the secret missiles that Boeing sees the aircraft of the future. Bill Allen and Wellwood Beall are convinced that the airplane and the missile are growing ever closer, will eventually become one and the same. When that day comes, Boeing's Allen will be ready, as before, to plunk down Boeing's bankroll to back the aircraft its engineers build. Allen knows that the future will be risky, but he has unlimited confidence in Boeing's team. Nevertheless, Allen likes to stroll over and gently finger the sharp spines of his blooming cactus plant, remembering the dark days nine years ago. Says he: "It's just enough to remind me that life is sometimes like that—thorny, but well rooted."

¶ Lieut. General (U.S.A., ret.) Albert Coady Wedemeyer, 58, was elected a vice president and director of Rheem Manufacturing Co. (shipping containers, household appliances, guided-missile components). To take the job, General Wedemeyer resigned as a vice president of Avco Manufacturing Corp. (appliances, electronics and farm equipment), a post he has held since his retirement from the Army in 1951.

¶ Nicos Vernicos, 34, scion of an old Mediterranean shipping family, was named president of Home Lines, one of the world's biggest transatlantic passenger carriers (Italia, Atlantic, Homeric, Roma, Nussan, Homeland). Vernicos was picked and trained for the job by his shrewd bachelor godfather, Eugen Eugenides, who was boss of the line till his death last April. Vernicos was born in Sifnos, Greece, educated at the University of London worked for Swedish State Railways and S.K.F. before joining the Home Lines.

¶ Charles G. Stradella, 56, was elected president of General Motors Acceptance Corp., G.M.'s subsidiary for financing wholesale and retail sales (\$6.7 billion in 1953). An upstate New Yorker, Stradella graduated from Yale University, studied at Fordham's law school, went to work for G.M.A.C. in 1919, climbed to vice president for overseas branch operations, later transferred to General Motors Overseas Operations Division and became head of the division's New York general staff. Stradella succeeds John J. Schumann Jr., 64, who is G.M.A.C.'s oldest employee in point of service (since 1919).

¶ Harry Ferguson, 69, waspish, Irish-born inventor of farm machinery who once settled a patent suit against Ford out of court for \$6,250,000, resigned as board chairman and director of Massey-Harris-Ferguson, Ltd. of Toronto, Canada, which was formed only last October by the merger of Canada's Massey-Harris Co. and a group of Britain's Harry Ferguson companies. Ferguson announced that he will devote himself to "new inventions—outside the agricultural field" (reportedly a cheap "people's car"). James Duncan 61, president of Massey-Harris-Ferguson, took over the title of board chairman.



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Who will write on golf for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?



HIS name is Herbert Warren Wind. He has written three books on golf, "The Story of American Golf," "Thirty Years of Championship Golf" (co-authored with Gene Sarazen), and the forthcoming "The Complete Golfer", an anthology—and now he will be writing a column on golf for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

HERE is a passage from "The Story of American Golf", the definitive book on the subject:

"The first golfer was a shepherd—place him on a hillside in Greece, Palestine, or Scotland, as suits your taste—who was bored with his work. He started to swing his crook at stones, just to give himself something to do, and then, purely by accident, one of the stones disappeared into a hole and a strange tingling sensation raced up and down the shepherd's spine."

HE asked us not to mention it—but once, stirred up by colleagues who thought he played the game too slowly, he played 18 holes in 39 minutes and 10 seconds—and 89 strokes. It's a world's record, but Herb Wind doesn't think it has much to do with golf. There's a right way to play golf and a wrong way. This, he thinks, is the right way to prepare for the 4-minute mile. Nevertheless—18 holes, 39 minutes, 89 strokes.

AT Brockton (Mass.) High he was a broad jumper, at Yale he played basketball, and when he was at Cambridge, naturally, he played rugby.

HE got to the first round of the great British Amateur in 1950. But he usually forgets to add that it was a Walker Cup player who put him out, 3 and 1.

FOR a while during the war he was commanding officer of an airfield in China behind the Japanese lines. He played golf in that country and later, during the occupation, in Japan. In fact, Africa and Antarctica are the only continents he has never played golf on.

WE think he is the best golf writer in captivity.

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

First issue out August 16th

Ad Nauseam

Hollywood has found that the best way to get the entertainment seeker away from the TV set, short of turning out better films, is to go after him in advertising copy—bombard him with sex, pound him with superlatives and stab him with exclamation points.

To prove this point, Hollywood's *Daily Variety* listed a few examples of ad copy culled from the Los Angeles papers:

Princess of the Nile (20th Century-Fox): "No woman with a soul ever danced like Shalimar."

About Mrs. Leslie (Paramount): "She gave more of herself in six weeks than most women give in a lifetime!"

Hell Below Zero (Columbia): "You'll never forget the fight in Capetown... the kiss on deck... the rendezvous in the cabin."

Said *Variety*: "It was contended by some that public intelligence had outgrown some of the [Production Code] bans—but more important, that Hollywood, too, had outgrown its years of bad taste. Not so!... On the basis of this type of film advertising copy, the Production Code not only isn't obsolete, but obviously isn't sufficiently policed."

The New Pictures

Living It Up (Paramount) is a screen version of *Hazel Flagg*, the Broadway musical, which was in turn a re-tuning of filmdom's famous Bronx cheer for Manhattan, *Nothing Sacred* (1937). Jerry Lewis now plays Carole Lombard's movie part. Alas, Carole was prettier. She was also funnier. And Janet Leigh, playing the old Fredric March part, adds body to the fun but no flavor. Somewhere along the production line the rasp has been strained out of the raspberry, but what's left is still the pleasantest session with Jerry Lewis and Partner Dean Martin in more than several.

Things get going in *Desert Hole*, N. Mex. (elevation 1 ft.), where Jerry is the flag-stop-station attendant and Dean is what barely passes for an M.D. One day Jerry, stranded in the desert, spots a used-car dump and goes helling home in a rod that is hotter than he knows—a car used to test the effects of radiation in an atomic explosion at nearby Los Alamos and still labeled "Radioactive." Actually, the contamination has worn off, but when Jerry sees the label he collapses, and Dr. Martin, somewhat confused by the radium dial of Jerry's watch, diagnoses radiation poisoning.

The good doctor realizes his mistake a couple of days later, but by that time the fathead is in the fire. Janet Leigh, a New York reporter, has convinced her editor that it would make a great sob story if the paper granted Jerry his last wish: "to see New York before I die." Janet makes her proposition to Jerry, and Dean doesn't have the heart—he has lost it to Janet at first sight—to disillusion her.

Off they all go to New York, and the big city opens its heart to the poor boy, after some fumbling with the combination. Mayor Edward Arnold does the old frock-coat routine, the tabloids turn on the tear hydrants, the crowds rise in tribute at a World Series game while a soprano executes *You Are the Bravest*, a nightclub goes so far as to dedicate its floor show to the doomed wail.

And so it goes until, of course, it doesn't go. "New York," somebody says, "is tired of how he's hanging on!"—and Jerry sub-



JERRY LEWIS & SHEREE NORTH
A winging in o jive dive.

mits to a state funeral in return for a job on the street-cleaning force.

Dean, as in all his recent pictures, gives the impression of a man consciously restraining an enormous talent in order to give his partner a chance, but Jerry, for a change, has done a little work on his part. He has a real winging with Sheree North in a jive dive and some nice nonsense of drinking champagne through a stethoscope. Best bit: Jerry, hung over and feeling awful, catches the boiled eye of his hasset hound, who looks worse; with a groan, Jerry gives the dog his own ice pack.

Garden of Evil (20th Century-Fox) is a western for farsighted people. The foreground—in which four hombies (Gary Cooper, Richard Widmark, Cameron Mitchell, Victor Manuel Mendoza) trail off after a pert little gold digger (Susan Hayward) in search of gold or whatever else may be in them thar hills—is hardly worth looking at. But the background, the Mexican landscape, is one of the grandest the world has to show, and the gates of the CinemaScope camera are flung wide to show it all.

For three months a team of 300 actors



*24 parties on one line
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Suppose *you* owned a telephone company with service between two small towns ten miles apart. Suppose further that each town had a sudden growth in population so that the low-rate toll calls between the two grew and grew.

A knotty problem, that! Your subscribers would protest loudly if they found the line constantly busy. And you could go broke, quickly, if you started installing long lines of extra poles and wire to handle 15c and 25c calls.

Many small American telephone companies solve this problem neatly with Stromberg-Carlson "Carrier" equipment. In simple language, Carrier equip-

ment is an ingenious electronic device which—on *one* pair of wires (going and coming)—impresses electrical currents of different frequencies. Subscribers who dial or ask the operator for the nearby town automatically get a frequency that's open for use—and as many as twenty-four (or more) can all talk privately, at one and the same time and over the same wire!

There was no Carrier equipment when we started making telephones in 1894. New problems in communications have constantly demanded new solutions. Finding these, the best and cheapest way, is one reason for Stromberg-Carlson's growth.

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and crewmen labored in Central Mexico while Photographers Milton Krasner and Jorge Stahl Jr. collected footage of banana jungles the color of sweating emeralds, hot-plate plains of black volcanic sand, pine woods as cool and blue as Maine's, and among them all, poetic pink and yellow ruins of the Spanish reign. These jarring contrasts are steadied together in the film, as they are in nature,



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by the heavy mother colors of the land beneath them and by the white-hot pressure of the sky above. At any rate, largely thanks to CinemaScope, this picture is well worth seeing for its wealth of photographic beauty.

The Monsters

Gog (Ivan Tors; United Artists) is a tidy, legless little robot with five arms, a beer-barrel belly, and a head like a chrome-plated grapefruit with a gleaming red aerial on top. Gog is married—or something—to another robot named Magog, and they both work in a highly secret space-research institute, hidden somewhere underneath the great American desert, which Herbert Marshall runs for the Government.

Gog's boss is an electronic brain called Novac (Nuclear Operative Variable Automatic Computer), but Novac is a security risk. Into the brain an agent of The Enemy has built a secret radio receiver through which Novac can be indoctrinated with treasonable ideas beamed in from a jet plane that keeps whizzing through the stratosphere overhead.

On orders from Novac, Gog and Magog prowl soundlessly about on their rubber tank treads indifferently slaughtering scientists, until at last they are caught in the act of messing up the safety controls in an atomic pile. They are then deactivated with a flamethrower wielded by a daring young security agent (Richard Egan) in

defense of a beautiful female scientist (Constance Dowling).

Audiences are not likely to be convinced by the ending. As most of the actors drag through their paces, it is plain that Novac and friends could easily outwit the lot of them.

Them (Warner) are ants, but not the kind one usually shares a picnic with. Caught in a radioactive fall-out from an atomic-test explosion at Alamogordo, a desert colony of *Camponotus vicinus* has suffered mutation into a race of creatures more than ten feet long. They are discovered by Myrmecologist Edmund Gwenn after two people disappear in the desert and two others are found dead with their carcasses full of formic acid.

It's off again with another security agent (James Arness) and a beautiful female scientist (Joan Weldon) to hunt the horrors out. The hunters pump the anthill full of cyanide gas, and then go stalking through a giant welter of tunnels in search of survivors. Two queen ants, they discover, have flown the nest. Aghast, the entomologist rushes to Washington to tell an emergency meeting of VIPs that if the queens succeed in breeding a new generation, "man will probably be extinct within nine months."

One of the queens builds her nest in the hold of a freighter, but is destroyed when the ship is sunk by naval gunfire. When the other and her brood are traced to the 700 miles of sewer conduit that crisscross beneath metropolitan Los Angeles, martial law is declared, and a jeep-borne army contingent roars in to wipe the things out.

The acting is rather more believable in *Them* than in *Goat*, but then so are the monsters. Hairy brutes they are, with just that expression of chinless, bulge-eyed evil that Peter Lorre has been trying all these years to achieve.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Mr. Hulot's Holiday. A slight comedy, partly in French, explaining how not to take a vacation (TIME, June 28).

Dial M for Murder. Ray Milland tries to murder Grace Kelly, but Director Alfred Hitchcock sees to it that he gets his comeuppance (TIME, May 24).

Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe's great classic, as wonderful as ever, with Actor Dan O'Herlihy outwitting mutineers, cannibals and nature itself (TIME, May 24).

Executive Suite. Star-studded scramble for the presidency of a big corporation; with William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, Fredric March, Walter Pidgeon, Shelley Winters, etc., etc. (TIME, May 10).

Knock on Wood. Some extremely funny Kaye-denizas by a brilliant clown, Danny Kaye (TIME, April 26).

Beat the Devil. John Huston and Truman Capote tell a completely wacky shaggy-dog story; with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones (TIME, March 8).

The Pickwick Papers. The first full-length film of Charles Dickens' monumental jape (TIME, March 1).



Man with stapler beats man with hammer 4 to 1

...and cuts costs 60%. This race between two carpenters took place in a wood products shop—the man at left fastening latticework with ordinary hammer-and-nails, the other with a Bostitch H4 Stapling Hammer—staples won over nails 4 to 1.

The shop foreman reports still more advantages of stapling. One $\frac{3}{4}$ " staple is more rigid than two $\frac{3}{4}$ " nails. The staple won't loosen because its legs diverge inside the wood, bracing against each other when under strain.

The carpenter can drive a staple all the way home with one blow, leaving his other hand free to hold the work. Greater "reach" helps him cover much more area

from one standing position. No more "mouthing" of nails, either!

This is just one of 800 kinds of Bostitch staplers that trim time and costs on thousands of different fastening jobs in factory, office and building trades. To help you pick the right stapler for the job, Bostitch has 325 Economy Men in 123 U. S. and Canadian cities—the largest group of its kind.

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BOOKS

The Dead & the Damned

THE FALL OF A TITAN (629 pp.)—Igor Gouzenko—Norton (\$4.50).

Nine years ago Igor Gouzenko walked out of his job as code clerk in the Russian embassy in Ottawa and into world headlines. From his briefcase Gouzenko produced 100 startling documents which laid bare the Russian atomic espionage network in North America and paved the way to the conviction of British Physicists Klaus Fuchs and Allan Nunn May, the Rosenbergs and half a dozen others who stole allied atomic secrets for the Kremlin. Except for acting as a government witness in numerous spy trials, Gouzenko has since shown himself only with a mask over his head, and lived with his wife and two children somewhere near Toronto under a "cover" name known to few save the Canadian Mounties, who until recently guarded him round-the-clock. In his solitude Gouzenko spent four years fashioning a 629-page novel, *The Fall of a Titan*.

Gouzenko's fiction is not, could not be, as explosive as his facts. *The Fall of a Titan*, a midsummer choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club, is no literary blockbuster, but it does score a direct hit on modern Soviet man and the system that has shaped him. It reveals, despite occasional amateurish moments, that Gouzenko has a professional flair; he travels this long literary distance at an unflagging and often exciting pace.

Beagle for the NKVD, Feodor Novikov, protagonist of *The Fall of a Titan*, is only 16 when the revolution comes to Rostov in October 1917 and claims his parents among its first victims. Bent on survival, young Feodor informs on a starving army officer and learns that the way to get ahead in the new people's paradise is to curry favor with the Marxists. Soon he is an unofficial beagle for the NKVD, spying on his fellow students. Later, as a lecturer at the University of Rostov, he keeps tabs on his faculty colleagues. Chafing with ambition, Feodor trumps up some party-line history on the ancient Slavs, and plants the article before propaganda bigwigs in Moscow. It wins him six columns in *Pravda*, a full professorship at 30 and his toughest party assignment.

Feodor's mission is psychological tug-of-warfare with Mikhail Gorin, an old and honored writer who godfathered the revolution back in Czarist days, but refuses to toady to Stalin. Gorin, the titan of the title, is intentionally modeled on Russia's late great writer, Maxim Gorky, and in chronicling his fall Author Gouzenko stages scenes with other Russian VIPs, e.g., Stalin, Malenkov, Beria (who wears the name Veria, plus the identifying pin-nez).

Gorin likes Feodor, and before long Novikov's subtle brand of doubletalk has the old writer naively whitewashing Sta-

linist tyranny by eulogizing Russia's mad despot, Ivan the Terrible. The Kremlin braves. But Gorin is heartsick at betraying his own values, and makes indiscreet remarks about the regime. From Veria, Feodor receives new orders, and he carries them out by smashing Gorin's head against a radiator until it is a bloody pulp.*

This murder comes easily to Feodor, for in the course of the novel's subplots he has already strangled love, honor and his own conscience.

After falling deeply in love with Gorin's daughter Nina (the real Gorky had no daughter), Feodor is warned by his boss: "A Bolshevik cannot mix business with pleasure." Good Bolshevik Feodor drops her and marries a factory manager's



NOVELIST GOUZENKO
From an old debt, powerful interest.

daughter, but when the factory manager is denounced as "an enemy of the people" and thrown into a concentration camp, Feodor coolly abandons his pregnant wife.

A Russian *Macbeth*. In these and half a hundred other scenes, Author Gouzenko makes the point that modern Russia breeds only two kinds of men—the dead and the damned. *The Fall of a Titan* is doom-laden, a kind of Russian *Macbeth* with its pages drenched in suicides, rapes and murders. It is a book about the corruption of a nation's soul. Few scenes are memorable in themselves, but the cumulative effect is poignant and powerful. A

* More violent than Maxim Gorky's own death in August 1936. At first Moscow reported the old (68) man's death as natural, but in the vast press trials two years later, the Kremlin charged NKVD Chief Genrikh Yagoda with hastening Gorky's end (enforced exposure to gripple, influenza and the weather) and masterminding the killings of Gorky's son, Gouzenko believes Yagoda killed Gorky on Stalin's orders.

wisp of a girl in a chemical plant manned by forced labor is raped by the foreman, goes mad, and hangs herself. Gurgling with vodka, the fat cats of the Rostov central committee storm the local ballet school, and as they pinch and paw the trembling girls, tell them the facts of Soviet life: "The Government keeps you, pays you, looks after you without end. Now you're going to pay some of it back."

Gouzenko, 35, intends to go on paying the Soviets back in "one novel after another," and promises to tell more of his personal story in his second novel, built around the mental conflict in a Soviet agent between his duty to Russia and the "emotional appeal of a free society."

The Fall of a Titan has already transformed ex-Comrade Gouzenko into a capitalist: in addition to the juicy income assured by the Book-of-the-Month arrangement, Gouzenko a fortnight ago got the nice bourgeois sum of \$100,000 for screen rights to the book.

Light Entertainment

FUTURE INDEFINITE (352 pp.)—Noel Coward—Doubleday (\$4.50).

After two weeks' work as British propaganda agent in Paris at the start of World War II, Noel Coward decided to report back to London on his progress. On a supersecret telephone, Agent Coward uttered a strictly hush-hush number—to which the operator responded with "a shrill scream of laughter" that set poor Noel's conspiratorial nerves jangling. A few seconds later, however, Coward found himself connected with his superior officer, Dallas Brooks, in London and started to unburden:

"This is Diplomat speaking."

"Who?" bellowed Brooks crossly.

"Diplomat," repeated Agent Coward firmly, and pressed on: "I [have] interviewed 'Lion' . . . established successful contact with 'Glory.' [have] not yet been able to get into touch with 'Triumph' . . ."

"What the bloody hell are you talking about?" Brooks roared back.

Coward patiently repeated his spiel, this time "articulating very, very slowly as though I were talking to an idiot child." But Brooks only sighed wearily and said: "It's no good, old boy. I can't understand a word."

By the Numbers. Brooks "explained some weeks later . . . that he had been asleep when I rang up and thought I was [someone named] Reggie!" He also tried to atone by teaching Agent Coward a new code consisting "entirely of numbers" and of such awful complexity that "if ever I had been captured by the Gestapo they would certainly have had a tough time getting me to betray it." But by then poor Noel was beginning to realize that he and intelligence were not made for each other.

Winston Churchill had realized this from the beginning. After Coward had pulled up a chair to the Churchill piano and had sung *Mad Dogs and Englishmen* and *Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage*, Mrs. Worthington, Winnie said

"then the dragon came..."



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frascibly: "You'd be no good in the intelligence service." He then waved his hand and barked dramatically: "Get into a warship and see some action! Go and sing to them when the guns are firing—that's your job!" Coward wanted to explain that this would be "impracticable, because during a naval battle all ships' companies are at action stations and the only place for me to sing would be in the wardroom by myself." But it was no use. Much as Coward yearned to do "something really constructive" for England, England demanded nothing but Coward's "facility for light entertaining."

Future Indefinite, a sort of sequel to Coward's earlier *Present Indicative* (*TIME*, March 29, 1937), is Coward's story of how he sang and mimed himself to the verge of laryngeal paralysis from 1940 to 1945. He sang *Mad Dogs and Englishmen* and *Don't Put Your Daughter to President Roosevelt*. He sang them to General Smuts. He sang them to British and U.S. soldiers and sailors from Beirut to Burma, and he sang them during lunch hours "above the din of crockery and . . . metal plates" to simple factory girls who couldn't understand a word and were "flung into a state of leaden bewilderment" when Coward's teammate, Judy Campbell, trilled "that Arthur Murray had taught her dancing in a hurry and that there was a nightingale singing incessantly in Berkeley Square."

Gracious Little Speeches. "It is always difficult," says Coward feelingly, "to convince people outside the world of the theater that performing in public is a dedicated and arduous business. To act a long part in a relaxed manner, to sing a few songs, bow to applause, make gracious little speeches of thanks . . . looks . . . so effortless, so easy, but actually it is not." Moreover, as a high-priority celebrity, Coward was followed wherever he went by shotgun bursts of malevolent criticism from the British press. Newspapers never wearied of asking why this crooning playboy should be eternally (and often stylishly) globe-trotting in planes and warships and forever popping up on the steps of distant residencies and embassies.

To this unnerving fusillade, Coward contributed a few detonations of his own. He enraged the people of Brooklyn by his notorious aspersion on the courage of "mournful little Brooklyn boys" (an "unwarranted phrase" for which he hopes he has "genuinely been forgiven"). On a war-charities tour in the U.S., he contributed around \$45,000 of his own U.S. investments to financing the trip—and was promptly hauled into a British court and fined \$888 plus costs for breaking currency regulations.

By war's end, Coward had seen enough of the "physical horrors [of] war to last me a lifetime." In intervals between entertaining and earning thousands of pounds for Allied causes, he raised his country's prestige many a notch by making the films *In Which We Serve*, *Blithe Spirit*, *Brief Encounter*. The only weakness of his account of it all is that too much of the Coward war effort reads like the faded



AUTOBIOGRAPHER COWARD?
A complex code.

timetable of a long-abandoned railroad and brings dullness into what should be, and often is, a heartfelt, sprightly, modest description of a one-man show.

Git Along, Ol' Typewriter

THE RELUCTANT GUNMAN (246 pp.)
—William MacLeod Raine—Houghton Mifflin (\$2.75).

Tom Fallon was as pleasant a young cowpoke as anyone would ever care to meet on or off the range. But he kept finding himself where trouble was. Take the pretty fiesta evening he rode into the town

▷ As Captain Kinross in his World War II movie, *In Which We Serve*.



O. A. Smith—Houghton Mifflin
VETERAN RAINE
A sure authority.

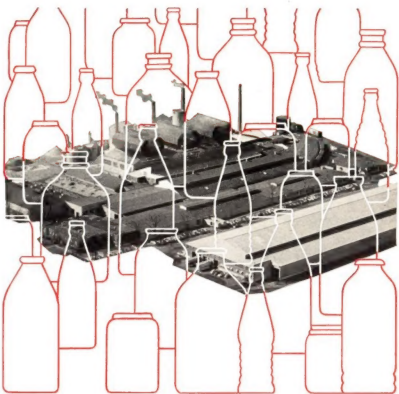
of Copper Fork, Ariz. Before he had got the feel of the place, he found himself in the middle of a holdup, saved a small boy from the crossfire, was almost hanged as a suspect, got a job as a deputy sheriff and ran plumb into the man who had murdered his dad in Nebraska 17 years before.

Cowboys like Tom Fallon are the stuff western fiction heroes are made of, and he rides and shoots through the pages of *Reluctant Gunman* with the predictable luck and easy heroism of the aw-shucks-fellas-'twarn't-nothin' school that has satisfied readers of westerns for half a century. The best proof that *Reluctant Gunman* is the real article lies in the fact that it was written by William MacLeod Raine, acknowledged dean of western writers since the death of Zane Grey in 1939. In a writing field where reputation is everything, the Raine product is as surefire as the hero's six-guns. In England, where he has the status of a hardy perennial, his publishers buy his manuscripts sight unseen and, Raine believes, do not even trouble to read them.

Reprints of Reprints. At 83, Bill Raine can look back on 80 novels with a sale of 19 million copies in all editions and a gross of \$600,000. He has written, besides, more than 200 short stories and three nonfiction books on western lore that have become indispensable reference works for other writers in the field. So solid is Raine's popularity and earning power that he could live quite comfortably from the sales of reprints of his reprints.

Raine is not the only passenger on the western gold coach. Over the years the western has so gained in popularity that some writers pump them out steadily under half a dozen pseudonyms. Harry Drago uses six (Bliss Lomax, Brant Sinclair, et al.). Caches of manuscripts left behind by Max Brand (real name: Frederick Faust), who died in 1944, and Zane Grey sell as well as if their creators were alive and working. ("I think Zane wrote his best stuff while he was still alive," says Raine.) Since within ten years a western can expect to find a brand-new audience waiting, reprints never die. The result is that a steady worker with a fair backlog of books in print can expect an income of \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year, figures most "serious" novelists associate with mirages or dismiss with envious sneers. The paperback market has given western writers a crack at some real money. Hard-cover sales merely break the ice (even Raine is seldom good for more than 6,000 copies) and movie sales are relatively rare because most studios have their own stables of range writers. But one of Raine's several reprint publishers has sold 6,000,000 copies of 16 Raine books.

The writers of westerns themselves consider Bill Raine the greatest living practitioner, and have made it official by naming him first honorary president of the year-old Western Writers of America in his home town of Denver. There are some who are more finished writers, e.g., Luke Short, Jack (Shane) Schaeffer, but none who can serve up the mixture as before with the same sure authority. As one awed



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BY O. SOGLOW



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beginner said, "After all, he was here when the guns went off," and he was quite right. All Bill Raine has to do is close his eyes and money back to his memories. He personally knew many of the real he-men and gun-slingers who populate today's Western legend—Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman, the Oklahoma peacemaker, Jeff Milton, against whom even Texas' infamous John Wesley Hardin feared to draw. Once Raine even had a brush with evil-tempered Wyatt Earp of Tombstone over something he wrote about the gunman in a magazine. "All I did," Raine explains, "was say he was a cold-blooded murderer."

Punting Bowlers. Raine's wife and daughter call him "Wild Bill." He was born in London, a geographical handicap that was eliminated when his Scottish father brought him to Arkansas in 1881. He and his three brothers showed up for the first day of country school in proper little bowler hats and Sunday suits. "The bowlers," Raine recalls solemnly, "lasted no longer than it took a healthy hillbilly to punt them over the schoolhouse roof." Today only a slight burr gives away Raine's origin. He was 14 when he first came upon a victim of gunplay. He and his father gave the murderer a wagon ride to the nearest town so he could turn himself in to the sheriff.

Bill went to college in Ohio and, always frail, became a rural schoolteacher, later a newspaper reporter. When he volunteered for the Spanish-American War in 1898, he was rejected as a tubercular, warned to move to Colorado. Seated in a broken-down rocker on his boarding-house porch, he began to write fiction out of simple desperation. In his first year as a writer, Raine earned \$275 and lived on it. As his health improved, he moved about the West and wrote articles that became increasingly popular with Eastern magazine editors.

For well over a quarter of a century, Raine produced two books a year. A careful investor, he writes today only because he likes to. Still brown-haired and lean at 83, he starts work at 9 a.m. on a daily stint that has been cut from over 1,000 words to 500. When Raine dies, there will be no backlog of his unpublished books.

Loping Along. The western has changed considerably in Raine's span. Raine has changed too, but not radically. He has been content to lope along an endless Chisholm trail of escape that carries millions of readers to happy endings. He has always been modest about his success, has never thought of himself as a "literary" man. He rode with the Arizona Rangers, drank in campfire tales, covered many of the cattle and mining wars. He looks back with comfortable nostalgia on the people of the Old West. "Any of them would have ridden 30 miles to fetch you a doctor or they'd share their last bit of grub with you. But they wouldn't go to jail for you, or accept an insult," he says with a leathery grin. "The modern cowboy, good man that he is, is not my sort of fellow, jiggling about in a jeep through a West expertly policed and bustling with fences."

MISCELLANY

Traveling Papers. In Steyr, Austria, Fire Brigade Captain Franz Fazany was convicted of arson after starting three fires in nearby Allhaming, where his girl friend Maria Sadleir lived, just as an excuse to see her more often.

Fair Wear & Tear. In Pampa, Texas, L. P. Fort, running for county judge, listed under "Miscellaneous" in his campaign expense account: "New soles and heels for shoes, \$3.50."

The Suspect. In Cincinnati, the case against John Burrell was dismissed after Patrolman Herschel Hall testified: "He was just driving too carefully. . . . He was so careful I figured he must have done something wrong, so I stopped him."

Deepfreeze. In McKeesport, Pa., Mrs. Dorothy Halfhill asked a court to jail her husband Bernard for six months, explained to the judge: "I love him, but he thinks he loves this other woman. If he is put away for a while, it will keep our home together."

The Breaking Point. In London, Albert Simmons won a divorce after testifying that when he got home from a Masonic dinner at 1:30 a.m., his wife peppered him with 18 freshly laid eggs.

Traffic Jam. In Independence, Mo., after leading seven patrol cars on a tempestuous chase and drawing police fire, Charles D. Scott, 18, explained: "My foot got wedged on the accelerator."

Happy Ending. In Auckland, N.Z., after a 48-year postal romance between New Zealander John Edgecumbe and Philadelphia Prudence Coker finally led to marriage, Mrs. Edgecumbe told reporters, "We hope all the fuss is over and we'll be able to settle down."

Down Wind. In Kosciusko, Miss., charged with operating a still, Rudolf Slater swore he never would have been caught except that his dog's run-in with a skunk had left it unable to smell approaching revenuers.

Diagnosis. In New Orleans, Ronald Fuller's career as a bogus physician came to an end when he examined a one-year-old baby with measles and prescribed: "You had better see a doctor."

Snap Judgment. In Sheffield, England, Mrs. Margaret Williamson won a marriage annulment after testifying that her husband Alexander argued with her mother two hours after the ceremony in 1949, walked out, never came back.

Proof. In Somerville, N.J., after allowing his younger brother to run him down with an automobile, Paul Barnes, 34, told police: "What could I do, show him I was yellow?"



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Mexican oyster bed a

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4 "Hernando Cortez, the Spanish conquistador, landed here at Las Cruces. He overlooked the pearls—and came too early for Canadian Club!"

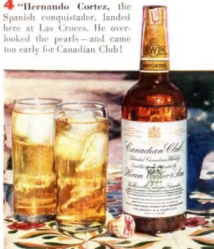
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